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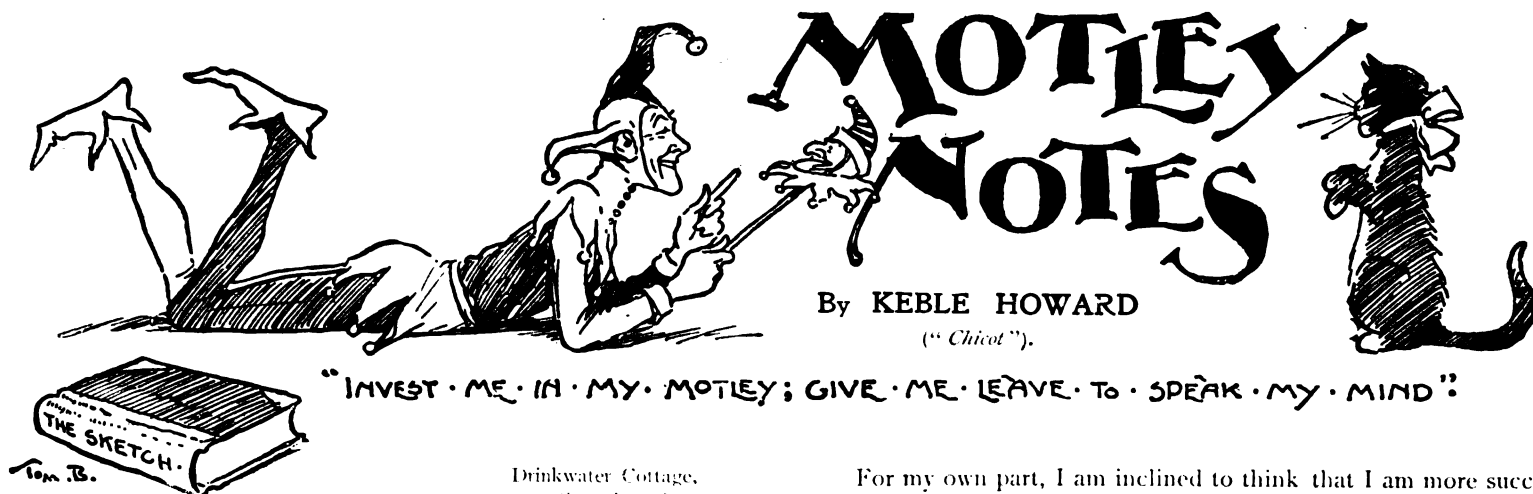
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1904.

SIXPENCE.



MISS GABRIELLE RAY, PLAYING IN "THE ORCHID" AT THE GAIETY.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Elvry Street, S.W.



THE address, of course, furnishes the key-note of my life for the past week. Indeed, there is water, water everywhere, and, under the circumstances, no pretty-souled idler could desire a drop of anything else to drink. Before me, in the middle distance, lies the river, and, by leaning forward ever so little, I can see it winding away for miles through the green, sunlit meadows. But there is little temptation to lean forward, for the stretch of river that lies immediately in front of my window merely serves to enhance a view that is the perfection of sweet English scenery. Not, I admit, a picture of grand mountains or wide lakes, but a gentle harmony of rustling willows, swaying poplars, and gravely-nodding oaks, amid which nestle lovingly the low, red-roofed cottages. At the back of the picture, square and steady against the blue-white sky, stands the church-tower. . . . Many a happy hour have I spent in gazing from this window at the view I am endeavouring, of my boldness, to describe, and always I find that my eyes return from the meadows, the trees, the cottages, and the old tower to rest upon the smooth-flowing stream. Every now and then a small pleasure-boat, indifferently propelled, will disturb the placid surface; at such times, emulating Adonis, I wink and turn away.

In addition to the river, in order to justify still further the address at the head of these notes, there is, hard by, a picturesque well. Here you may see for yourself—or you could, rather, if I chose to tell you the name of the locality—the clear, cold water bursting gleefully from the depths of the dark earth to quench my thirst and to form a graceful paddling-place for the dogs and babies of the neighbourhood. Again, less than a stone's-throw away, a tiny stream, that runs for several miles underground, empties itself with a never-ceasing tinkle into the friendly river. Finally, that I may convince you of my complete comfort during these thirsty days of August, Drinkwater Cottage is supplied with excellent water from the neighbouring town. Imagine, then, my lofty pity for the dusty Londoner who, at this very moment, is polluting his delicious glass of iced water with whisky, brandy, or—must I write the word?—gin. Mind you, I have a wholesome respect for my lord Bacchus when I meet him in the right places and at the right time. There is no room for him, however, at Drinkwater Cottage, more particularly during the month of August.

Talking of babies, there is an entertaining member of that class at the cottage opposite. He is seventeen months old, and I should describe him as being very round and brown. If his mother were within earshot, I should hasten to add that he possessed wonderful blue eyes, sturdy limbs, a powerful brain, ready sympathy, a passionate love of music, and dauntless courage. Even between ourselves, I am willing to admit that he is a fine little chap, and can already deliver a well-directed blow with extraordinary force. It is sometimes my privilege to carry him around on my shoulder, and I have actually been allowed to “mind” him for no less a period than half-an-hour. On that occasion, we spent the greater part of the time in handing, from one to the other, an empty cotton-reel. The game, simple though it sounds, afforded my companion the keenest delight, and, when I introduced a variation that consisted of placing the cotton-reel in my mouth and keeping it there, he protested so earnestly that his mother came running to see what was the matter. I apologised very humbly, of course, and she was good enough to assure me that it was “only his teeth.” A little later, however, whilst she was crooning over the infant in the security of her cottage, I heard her say: “And did the nasty man tease my precious, then?” It is ticklish work, let me tell you, amusing babies.

For my own part, I am inclined to think that I am more successful as a killer of wasps. There is a nest of wasps somewhere in the garden, and my host has promised me that, whenever he feels inclined to give the matter his attention, I shall assist him in “taking” the nest. In the meantime, I have to content myself with individual slaughters. Now, there are three ways of killing wasps. The first way is to seize a large sofa-cushion, and hurl it down on top of the wasp, irrespective of the immediate surroundings. The first time I did that my hostess was out of the room. I killed the wasp all right, but at the cost of a butter-dish, a coffee-cup, and an unboiled egg. The second time I did it my hostess was present. Again I killed the wasp, but my joy was marred by the evident distress caused the lady by the upsetting of the tea-pot. After that, therefore, I adopted the second mode, namely, to tap the wasp sharply with a knife, fork, or some other weapon that chances to be at hand. This method requires a great deal of skill, and is also attended with a certain amount of personal risk. Frequently it happens that one merely annoys the insect, and I have no hesitation in saying that the man who deliberately annoys a wasp is a fool. The third way is to sit on the enemy. Having tried it twice, I cannot honestly recommend it.

Our principal recreation, of course, is boating. My host is the shameless owner of a family pleasure-boat—one of those convenient affairs with a large arm-chair in the stern. He is not much of a rowing-man, he tells me, and so it comes to pass that he and his wife recline in the arm-chair and allow me to pull them up and down the river. I understand from my host that sculling is one of the best exercises in the world, and wonderfully beneficial to people who bend over desks—such as literary men. This casual reference to literary work reminds my hostess that there are a number of questions she has been meaning to ask me about books and plays and things. I do my best to make my replies interesting, an effort that she acknowledges very gracefully by steering the boat into the bank. I bow, my host laughs, and we proceed.

Taken altogether, then, you will see that I have been living a life of idyllic idleness—idleness, that is to say, so far as mental labour is concerned. I have explored no ruins, I have visited no towns, I have attended no parties. My one discovery is a hitherto unheard-of work by Charles Dickens. I have not read the volume myself, but I have talked with the man who has read it. He is a fine, genial old man, and he earns a crust of bread, a mug of beer, and eight hours' sleep per diem by pulling a ferry-boat to and fro across the river with the aid of a wire rope. We were talking together one morning about matters in general when I indulged in the hackneyed quotation, “When found, make a note of.”

“Do you know who wrote that?” I asked the ferryman.

He shook his head. “Can't say as I do,” he replied.

“Charles Dickens,” I said, very proud of my superior knowledge. “Have you ever read any of his books?”

“Never but one,” the ferryman admitted. “I never was much of a reader.”

“Which was that?”

“Eh?”

“I say, which was that?”

“Oh, the name of it was ‘Always Happy.’ One of my lads won the book for a prize at Sunday School. ‘Always Happy’—that was the name of it, and it was wrote by the gen'leman as you mentioned just now. That's the only book ever I read, an' not much o' that.”

“You're sure the author was Charles Dickens?”

“Sure? O' course I be sure! I'm not one to tell ontruths an' never was. ‘Always Happy,’ by Charles Dickens. . . . Goin' across, Miss? Jump in!”

THE GROUSE SEASON: THE HUMOURIST ON THE MOORS.



SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



Our Army at Lassa—The Heir to the Russian Throne.

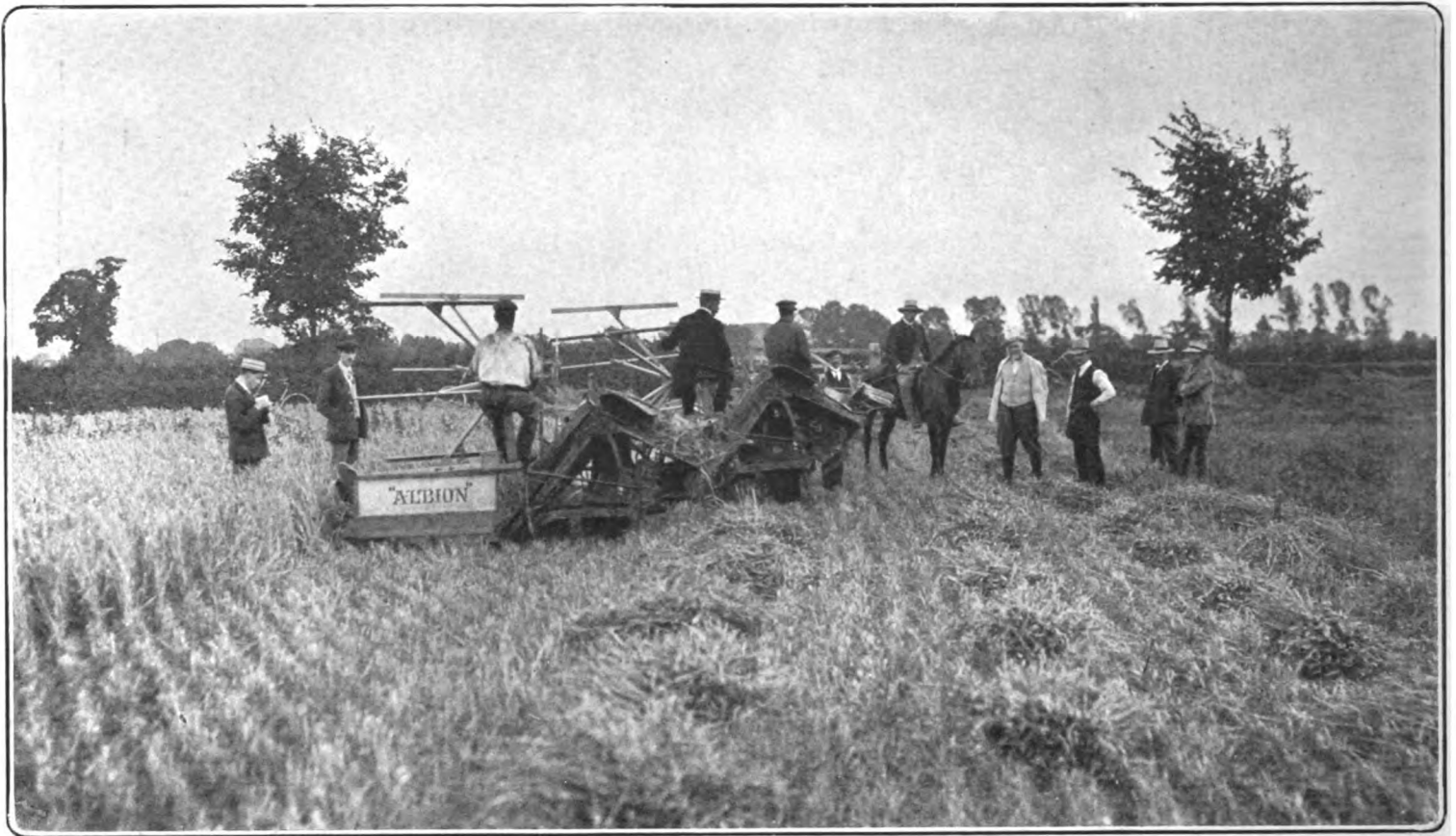
THE British officer can be relied upon in every climate and in every country, directly hard work is over, to see what sport is to be found, and it is quite typical of him to read that, no sooner is he outside the walls of Lassa, than he arranges for a race-meeting to be held and throws a spinning minnow into the river to see if any mahseer are there. There are fish in abundance, it seems, in all the streams, and Thomas Atkins will sit and fish within sight of the golden domes of the Potala with the same stolid content that he displays when on the brink of the Basingstoke Canal.

"Where there are two Englishmen and three ponies a race-meeting is a necessity," a Frenchman once said to me in China, and there is never a campaign in strange lands the ending of which is not celebrated

which made the holder the ruler of the country. The Grand Lama without his Seal is, no doubt, still the spiritual ruler of the land, but he has ceased to be the temporal one.

I doubt very much whether the present Grand Lama will ever be heard of again. An adult Grand Lama has been a new experiment in Tibet, and the ruling classes there can hardly consider the experiment a success, for the British have ridden through their Sacred City. The old method of selecting a child, and of sending that child to join the great majority as soon as he began to develop a will of his own, had its advantages and is likely to be reverted to again. The child enthroned has always been a popular institution in India and its borders, and until the British Government and its watchful officials arrived on the scenes and took an interest in the matter the number of Eastern Princes who died shortly after attaining their majority and taking their seat on the gadi was remarkable.

In those past days a ruling Prince suffered no more than the usual dangers of disease until he became the father of a male child. Then, when the succession to the throne was assured, the ruler, who was probably enjoying himself immensely and emptying the Treasury as quickly as possible, was very likely to die of one of those mysterious diseases which the natives say are brought on by "Jadoo," that magical power which kills men, but which white doctors attribute to arsenic, powdered diamonds, and other things which do not tend to improve a ruler's health.



UP-TO-DATE HARVESTING: BY AN INGENIOUS DEVICE TWO "HARVESTERS" ARE COUPLED TOGETHER, ENABLING DOUBLE THE AMOUNT OF CORN TO BE CUT AT EACH ROUND. THE MACHINES ARE PROPELLED BY AN EIGHTEEN HORSE-POWER MOTOR.

Photograph by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

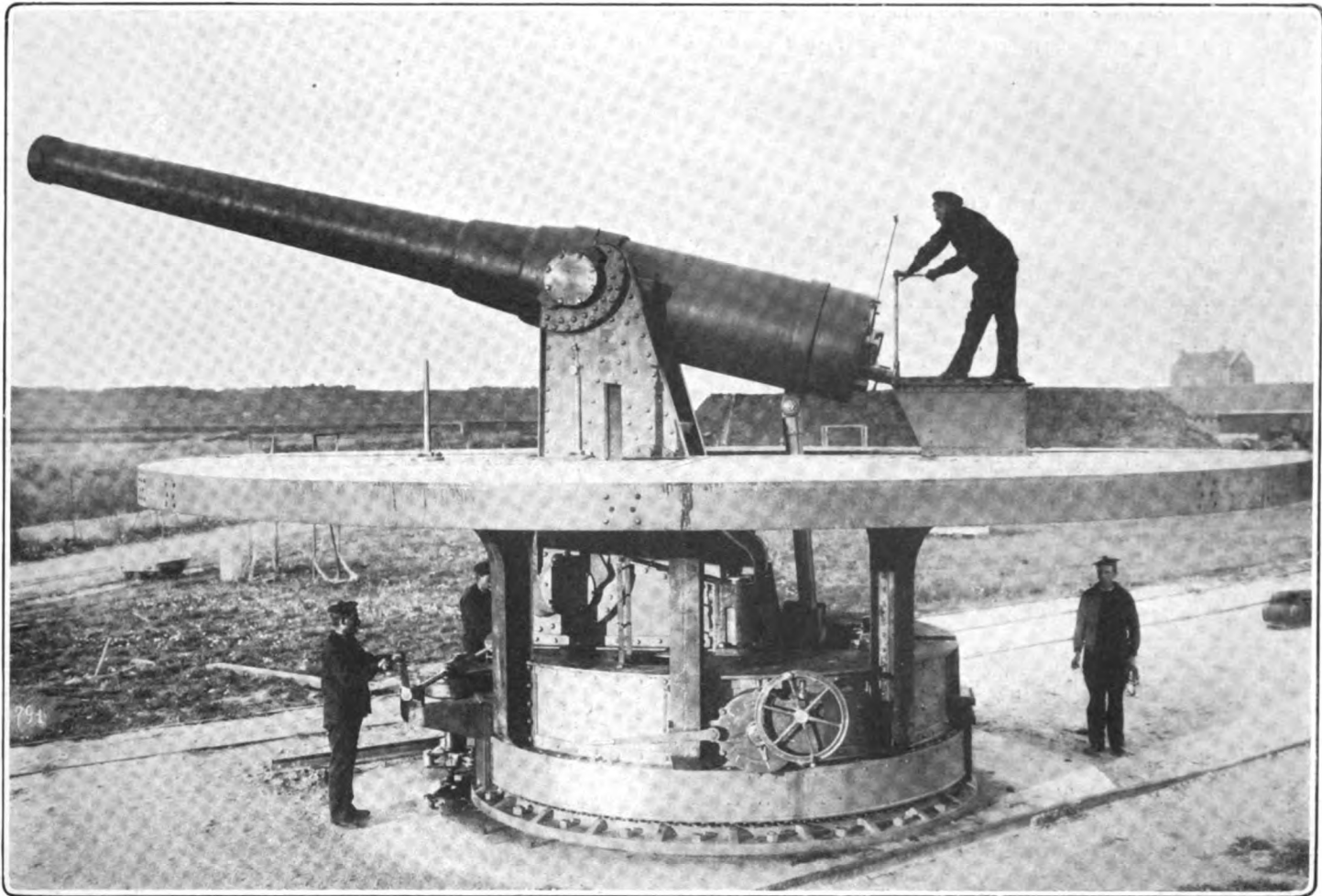
by races. I can recall one such in Zululand, where the naked warriors who, but a week before, would have put an assegai with joy into any white man formed a most enthusiastic crowd of spectators, every man having left his javelins and knoberry outside the limits of the camp. That was a strange-looking crowd, but the assemblage at the winning-post at Jusing will be even more extraordinary if the officials of Lassa occupy the Grand Stand. Hats like red lamp-shades, yellow motor-caps, mediæval helmets, and coal-scuttles are not seen every day in a Members' Enclosure.

That the Grand Lama should have left his Seal behind him in his flight is a matter of the utmost importance, for in the countries on the north-east border of India the power of life and death lies with the man who holds the Seal of State. A Treaty stamped with the State Seal is valid whether it be the Grand Lama who affixes it or some official. No doubt, Colonel Younghusband knows exactly what that Seal is, and will not be content with anything but the impression which is really binding on the nation. In Nepal, which in many respects resembles Tibet, the impression of the Seal of State is made in red, and any document with the red Seal on it secures immediate obedience to its commands throughout the country. In the days when massacres of the ruling families were common incidents in the Nepalese capital, most of the blood was shed in attempts to seize the all-powerful Seal

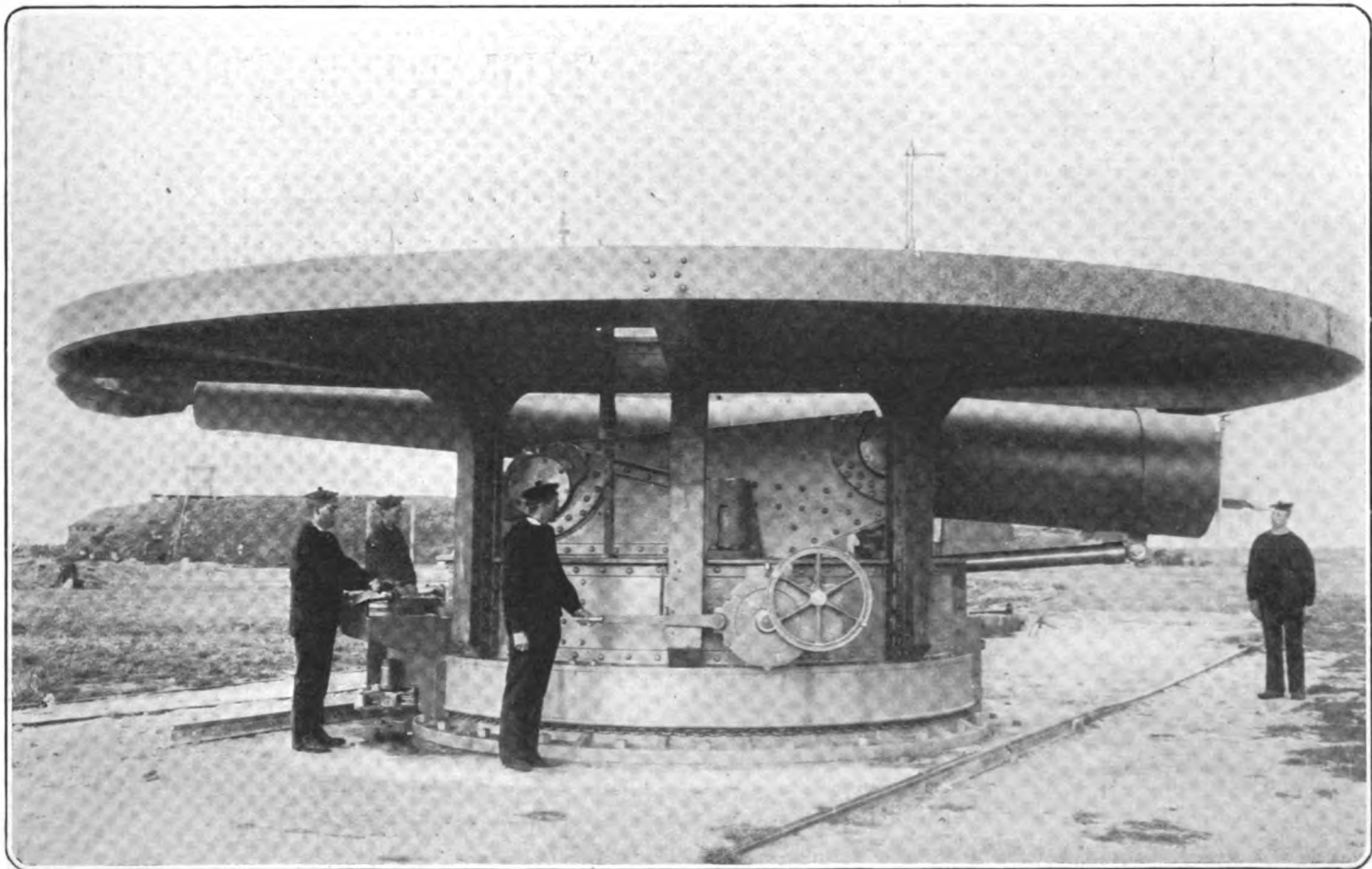
If in the India of yesterday the birth of a male child was not always a great joy to a ruler, it is otherwise in the Russia of to-day, and the coming of an heir to the throne will bring happiness to the Czar and more delight to Russians all the world over than would the news of a great victory. Every peasant in the vast Empire will firmly believe that the holy Father who foretold that the child would be a boy was an inspired prophet, and the Church will point out to millions of worshippers that the prayer of a devout woman has been answered. We in England should also rejoice that an heir has been born to a ruler who has a personal liking for our country and who is closely related to our King. Did one of the Grand Dukes eventually succeed to the Russian throne, there might not be found in high places that wish to be scrupulously fair to this country which has made possible the settlement of such difficult questions as those which have arisen between the two countries in the past few weeks.

The Russians, smarting under defeats in the Far East, were by no means ready to see their flag hauled down on a ship they regarded as a legitimate prize, or to see their Volunteer cruisers warned off from the Red Sea, and were as ready to make the matters questions of national honour as we were. The boy who has just been born will be brought up to look on England as a possible friend to Russia, not as an inevitable enemy.

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From Photographs supplied by H. J. Shapstone, Clapham Common.

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"The Mother of a Tsar to be."
THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR.
THE NILE PROJECT.
A FIGHT AMONG GLACIERS:
A TIBETAN INCIDENT.
THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

OUR SOVEREIGN this week congratulates the venerable Emperor of Austria on his seventy-fourth birthday, which will be celebrated with great rejoicings throughout the Dual Monarchy to-morrow (18th). His Imperial Majesty has never lost an opportunity of showing his friendship and kindly feeling for the British Empire, and he goes to Marienbad now in order to welcome Edward VII. to Bohemian territory. It is said that

the Emperor's journey is to be regarded as a return visit for that paid by our King to the Austrian Court. Francis Joseph has had a longer reign than any other living European monarch, for he succeeded his uncle in 1848, and thus in four years he will celebrate his Diamond Jubilee. It may be remarked that in Vienna there has been of late a growing wish that the Emperor, who is still a fine-looking man, should follow the example of the late King of Holland and contract a second marriage. As yet, however, there has been no sign that Francis Joseph has ceased to mourn his beautiful Empress, who came to her death in so tragic a fashion.

The Prince's Hosts. On Thursday the Prince of Wales left town to shoot with the Duke of Devonshire at Bolton Abbey, and with Lord Ripon and Lord de Grey at Studley Royal, and, later on, he will get some fishing at Tulchan with Mr. Sassoon on Speyside. There are plenty of red-deer in Bolton Park, and, indeed, the whole domain, with the famous Strid and the Valley of Desolation, abounds in fur and feather. At Studley Royal the Prince shoots over the Dallowgill moors, which always yield an astonishing bag. Lord de Grey, Lord Ripon's only son and heir, is supposed to be about the best shot in England. Although he once sat for Ripon in Parliament, he does not care about politics, his real interest in life being sport. Lord de Grey, who was lucky enough to marry Gladys, Lady Lonsdale, one of the loveliest women of her generation, is the Treasurer of the Queen's Household.

The Prince as a Shot. Like so many sailors, the Prince of Wales is a capital shot. When, as a lad, he went on those famous cruises in the *Bacchante* with his lamented brother, the two were always on the look-out for fur or feather or the chance of casting a fly. In fact, few men of his age have enjoyed more variegated sport. He has shot, for instance, crested screamers on Argentine pampas; quail, peacock, duck, and kangaroo in Australia; and elk, sambur, snipe, and buffalo in Ceylon; while in China he actually had a shot at a fox. But sport in the Middle Kingdom is peculiar; thus on one occasion the Prince brought down a pheasant with his right and a deer with his left. Moreover, he has enjoyed at Tokio the typically Japanese sport of wild-duck netting.

Lady Salisbury. Lady Salisbury comes herself of quite as noted statesman stock as her husband, for she is a great-granddaughter of the famous Lady Palmerston and a great-great-granddaughter of Lord Melbourne, and at the time of the engagement of Lord Cranborne to Lady Alice Gore, Lord Arran's second daughter, it was observed that the marriage would unite a past, present, and future of our political history. The wedding was celebrated at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and was a very

notable function, many members of the Royal Family being present. Soon Lady Cranborne became quite a power in the political world, for she is very clever, her great hobby being the National Poultry Organisation Society, which hopes to bring back to this country the trade in chicken and eggs which has now become the practical monopoly of the French and Danish farmers. The late Premier had a great opinion of his daughter-in-law's intellect, and he was particularly fond of her four children.

William II. in England.

It is said that the German Emperor will pay an informal visit to this country during the early autumn, and that he will stay not only with his intimate personal friend, Lord Lonsdale, at Lowther, but also at Lambton Castle, where Lord Durham will entertain him in great state. There is one great peculiarity about Lambton Castle, which is most beautifully placed on a height sloping to the River Wear. There is an old coal-mine just underneath the mansion, and fifty years ago a great subsidence took place. But even in those days engineers were able to do marvels—the mine was bricked up, and the Castle, which had been much injured, carefully restored. Lord Durham knows more about the Sport of Kings than any other Englishman alive, and perhaps the coming Imperial visit to Lambton Castle is proof that William II. is about to turn his inexhaustible activities into a new channel—that of the Turf.



LADY SALISBURY AND HER CHILDREN.

Photograph by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

End of the Session. The Session, lasting six months and a half, has been full of contest between the two sides. Mr. Balfour has had several new colleagues and has had to keep the peace within his own Party. On the other hand, the Liberals have been reinforced by by-elections and by conversions, and have attacked with eagerness and confidence. Nevertheless, Mr. Balfour remains Prime Minister, and his Parliamentary position appears more reliable at the end of the Session than it was at the beginning. He owes much to good fortune, but his own ingenuity is inexhaustible.

Lord Hugh and Mr. Churchill. At the beginning of the year, Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. Winston Churchill seemed twin brothers in politics. Clever, young, ambitious men, both were Conservatives determined to defeat Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal policy. The Session has, however, thrown them widely apart, and now Mr. Churchill looks forward to a career with the Liberals, while Lord Hugh continues to be the rising hope of the Conservatives. Their courses will probably deviate more and more, until they may become leading antagonists.

Liberal Reputations. While "C.-B." has retained his hold of the confidence of the Liberal Party, Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey have made great strides forward. They have completely gained the goodwill of their Party by ability and activity. Mr. Lloyd-George also, from a more independent standpoint, has improved his position, and is marked out for a high place in the next Liberal Administration. Other men have pressed forward, but have not shown the Parliamentary powers of Mr. Lloyd-George.

Lawyers in the House. The Liberal Party is rich in lawyers. Besides Mr. Asquith, there is Sir Robert Reid on the Front Bench, and nobody has been more active than he has been during the Session. On the Second Bench are Mr. Robson and Mr. Lawson Walton, as well as Mr. Haldane. All are men of unusual political ability. Mr. Robson has taken a conspicuous part in the work of the year, and has proved himself to be a trenchant debater. Now the list of lawyers has been increased by the election of Mr. Rufus Isaacs for Reading. Mr. Isaacs has

entered the House with a brilliant reputation as a speaker, and will, no doubt, do his best to justify that reputation in the House next year.

Another Retiring Member.

Parliament. As he is not an old man, his withdrawal will be contrary to the usual course of politicians. Mr. Grant Lawson is a shrewd, well-informed man and a pithy speaker, but, seeing that the Chief of the Local Government Board, to which he is Parliamentary Secretary, is also in the House of Commons, he does not obtain many opportunities of talking from the Treasury Bench. He was married recently.

The Forbes-Robertsons, one and all, have been singularly fortunate in their wives, and the group of pretty, clever sisters-in-law are immensely popular in the London theatrical world. Mr. Norman Forbes-Robertson is the third brother, and he has had a long and very successful histrionic career. He did not, however, go to the stage for a wife, Mrs. Norman Forbes-Robertson, who was a Miss Wilson, great as is her interest in plays and in players, having no ambition to shine in the same field as does her talented sister-in-law, Miss Gertrude Elliott. Both ladies, however, Mrs. Norman and Mrs. Johnston, as they are familiarly known to their friends, have a great interest in common—that in babies and baby-management, for each is the proud and devoted mother of a new-century child. At the present moment, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Forbes-Robertson and their little boy are enjoying their summer holiday in Kent, where they have a pretty place.



MRS. NORMAN FORBES-ROBERTSON AND HER BABY.

Photograph by Messrs. Thomson, New Bond Street, W.



THE COUNTESS OF LYTTON AND VISCOUNT KNEBWORTH.

Photograph by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife.

New Mar Lodge, Braemar, is much more attractive to the Duke and Duchess of Fife than the great family seat, Duff House, on the Deveron, at Banff. Although Banff is a secluded, pretty place, and the pink of county propriety, it appears to repel the King's daughter and her husband. None of their personal friends spend the autumn there. On the other hand, at Mar Lodge, near Braemar, they are within reach of Balmoral and of the shooting-lodges of several people of the highest set. Moreover, the Duke can have deer-stalking there, and the Duchess can have salmon-fishing away from the gaze of the public. The result is that they spend only about a fortnight each year at their chief seat, on their principal estate. They go there between the London Season and the "Twelfth."

The Countess of Lytton.

Since her marriage to the distinguished Peer-statesman, who, though only just eight-and-twenty, has already made quite a reputation, Lady Lytton has taken a great place in the more thoughtful section of the great world, and the King and Queen have shown her marked favour. Lord Lytton's historic home, Knebworth House, from which their little son takes his title, has hitherto been let, but when in London they have a charming old-world house in Westminster, overlooking St. James's Park and within a very short walk of both Buckingham Palace and Marlborough House.

Bembridge.

In the search for quiet and repose from the nigger minstrel and the cheap-tripper, the eastern corner of the Isle of Wight has been gradually coming into favour. The quaint little seaside village of Bembridge, which is shut off from the rest of the world, is fuller than ever this season, among the celebrities being General Baden-Powell. The place has plenty of attractions of its own, the golf-links being some of the best in England for their size, while the small-boat sailing is perfect. Nothing prettier can be imagined than the fleet of red-wings or yellow-wings sailing out into St. Helen's Bay and racing round the fort which guards the entrance to Spithead. Bembridge is an ideal spot, and its isolation is its chief charm.

An Irish Wedding. Irish Society has been much interested in the marriage of Major John Fowler, D.S.O., a popular officer in the Royal Engineers, and second son of the late Mr. Robert Fowler, of Rahinston, County Meath, to Miss Mary Olivia Brooke, a daughter of Mrs. Guy Wyndham. The wedding was celebrated at Castleknock on Wednesday last.

The King's "Preferences." A few years ago, when King Edward was still Prince of Wales, he was kind enough to write his "preferences" in one of those albums reserved for the purpose. He gave as his favourite King, "The King of the Belgians"; as his favourite occupation, "Cultivating his wits"; as his favourite spot, "The Sandwich Islands"; as his favourite dish, "Perigord truffles"; while his favourite hero, poet, painter, and writer were Nelson, Byron, Raphael, and Macaulay. The King's favourite flower was the rose, and his favourite name Louise, while he gave as his ambition "To conquer glory, or, at any rate, to deserve it."

At the same time, Queen Alexandra also contributed her "preferences," her favourite King being Richard Cœur de Lion; her Queen, Dagmar of Denmark; her hero, Marlborough; her poet, Shakspeare; her painter, Rubens; her writer, Dickens; her colour, sky-blue; her flower, the forget-me-not; her favourite name, Edward; her favourite dish, Yorkshire pudding; her favourite spot, England; and her ambition, "Never to interfere with the business of other people." Many of these "preferences" are obviously correct, but it is impossible to avoid the suspicion that in one or two cases the King and Queen were perpetrating a sly joke at the expense of their inquisitor.

The Czar's Little Daughters. The Emperor and Empress of Russia are devoted to their little daughters, and even those who are inclined to criticise the young Czar admit that he is an admirable father—this in spite of the fact that the birth of so many little girls must have been a serious and increasing disappointment to the greatest of the world's autocrats. The Imperial children lead very simple lives, and spend a portion of each year on the Crimean Coast, where they play about on the sands, guarded only from afar off by the policemen in plain clothes who are always about and within hail. Like their cousins, the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Grand Duchesses are taught to be polite and kind to all those surrounding them. When driving about the country round Livadia, they kiss their little hands to the peasantry, and they are already being taught French, English, and German, in addition to Russian.

Royal incognito must necessarily be extremely thin, not to say transparent, but it serves a useful purpose in relieving the Royal personage concerned from the burden of certain official receptions and the necessity of exchanging visits with the heads of the various States through which he or she travels. Thus the King went to Marienbad as the Duke of Lancaster, and so

had a journey undisturbed by official functions. When His Majesty was Prince of Wales he paid his memorable visit to the United States as Lord Renfrew. Later on in his life, he preferred to use his title of Earl of Chester. Her late Majesty frequently travelled as the Countess of Balmoral, and occasionally used the title of Duchess of Lancaster. The present Princess of Wales has more than once employed the title of Countess of Killarney.

The Pedagogue in Parliament. Mr. Arthur Morton, who has been appointed an Ecclesiastical Commissioner, is an old school-master and don; indeed, quite a number of his fellow-legislators have had their minds formed by his sedulous care.

Eton has no more devoted son than the Conservative member for Deptford; while at Cambridge he was careful to go to the specially Etonian college of King's, of which, in due course, he became Fellow, Bursar, and Senior Dean. Cricket was his game both at Eton and Cambridge, and he played for the Light Blues at Lord's as far back as the time of the Indian Mutiny. At one time, Mr. Morton had a remarkably successful private school, but he realised that, after a certain age, a man should cease being a pedagogue; he therefore retired and took up politics, in which he has done equally well as in the scholastic

line. Only last year Mr. Morton married a daughter of his fellow-member, Sir W. H. Wilson-Todd.

Prospective Bishops. The passage of the Southwark and Birmingham Bishops Bill now seems assured, and when it receives the Royal Assent it is understood that the present Bishop of Rochester, Dr. Talbot, whose wife is one of the brilliant Lyttelton family, will take the more difficult See of Southwark, while the present Suffragan Bishop of Southwark, Dr. Yeatman-Biggs, who married Lady Barbara Legge, aunt of Lord Dartmouth and sister of the Bishop of Lichfield, will take over the reduced See of Rochester. Similarly, in the case of Birmingham it is understood that Dr. Gore, the learned and eloquent Bishop of Worcester, will become the first Bishop of Birmingham, and Mr. Balfour will have to recommend someone for the See of Worcester, of which both the responsibilities and the income are considerably curtailed by the Bill. Mr. Balfour will also have to recommend to the Crown a successor to Dr. Ridding in the See of Southwell—not an easy man to succeed.

The crops in the South of England are rapidly falling before the reaping-machine, for the brilliant sunshine of the past few weeks has ripened them very quickly. At the beginning of the month the cutting had already begun on the southernmost slopes, and last week it was universal. The crops present a marked difference from those of last year, for the ears are full and heavy, and the straw, though a trifle short, is strong and upstanding. There is nothing more beautiful than an English harvest in fine weather, and this year the farmers have every reason for satisfaction.



MISS MARY OLIVIA BROOKE.
MARRIED LAST WEDNESDAY AT CASTLEKNOCK CHURCH, COUNTY DUBLIN.
Photographs by Messrs. Thomson, New Bond Street, W.



MAJOR JOHN FOWLER, D.S.O.



THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL CHILDREN ON THE BEACH AT LIVADIA.

Miss Olga Beatty-Kingston.

Miss Olga Beatty-Kingston has travelled a good deal in Australia and New Zealand with Mr. J. C. Williamson's Company. She is the youngest daughter of the late well-known Foreign Correspondent, Mr. William Beatty-Kingston, and took to the stage seriously only after her father's death in 1900. Miss Kingston is tall and strikingly handsome, and, judging by the progress she has made during her brief sojourn in Australasia, bids fair to take a prominent position in the ranks of accomplished actresses of the day.

Armies and Sport.

Rudyard Kipling's "Army of a Dream" looks like receiving partial substantiation at the hands of Argentina. "I dreamed, indeed," writes the poet of the Private, "that the professional athlete's only possible road to notoriety, money, and applause should lie through the ranks of his corps; that the name of his regiment should follow his name on the card of events as automatically as his idolised initials should precede it"; and the Minister of War in Argentina, inspired by the tour of the Southampton Football Club in South America, has decreed that every regiment under his control shall contain its quota of "muddled oafs," who are not to be given even the choice of going voteless.

The dedication of a public-house for working-men by the Bishop of New York, on the assumption that the model inn keeps people from undesirable resorts, would seem to have rejoiced the heart of the publican. Drinks dubbed "The Bishop's Choice," "Sexton's Delight," and "The Curate's Soother" are already in existence. Why not extend the custom? "Carrie Nation Cocktail" has a splendid swing.

"The Thunderer," condescending for the nonce to silence its heavy artillery, has been paying attention to that venerable and venerated institution, the "Zoo." "Noteworthy additions," we are told, "are two Japanese bears. These animals are black, and much smaller than the Russian bears, from which they have to be kept separate to prevent them from fighting." Truly, a magnificent silly-season find this splendid patriotism of the beasts. Mr. Rider Haggard and his unexplainable communication with "some non-bodily but surviving part of the life or of the spirit" of his dog, the *Mail* and its sea-serpent with "head as large as an ordinary cab" and eyes glaring with wrath, and the *Graphic's* disappearing gold-fish are nothing to it. We miss, however, the intelligence that the Russian bear is engaged in luring its opponent to destruction by a series of masterly and timely retirements. Something has certainly been neglected: the bears cannot be at fault.

Dowie's Despatch. Dowie's report of his profitless visit to London is truly official, in that it leaves much to be desired and gives plentiful opportunity for play of imagination. "Elijah the Second's" description of the consternation consequent upon his arrival in the Metropolis is no less *naïf* than the majority of his utterances: "They were so afraid of me that even my shadow—the fear of my speaking in London—before I had crossed the Channel, had come upon them as an appalling spectre, and the consequence was that they turned Mrs. Dowie out of a first-class hotel because they would not receive the truth." Now we know why the ghost was not permitted to walk.

Old Moore's "Plum."

Old Moore, one of the few prophets who, despite unfailing pessimism, succeeds in gaining a measure of honour—to say nothing of shekels—in his own country, has really dug out a "plum" in his issue for next year. "In October, 1905," it is written, "there will be a Royal marriage with an American beauty, which will bind the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes still closer." Here is a magnificent chance for the speculative "Society" paragraphist on both sides of the Pond!

"Our Lady of the Snows."

With the most commendable discretion, Lord Dundonald refused to be drawn by the reporters who awaited his arrival at Liverpool, choosing only to give utterance to the remark: "You can say that Canada is a grand country with grand possibilities, and that the Canadian people are the best in the world." His Lordship will, doubtless, be pleased to learn that Old Moore is in agreement with the sentiment, although

he postpones its public recognition for a year from this month, when, he states, Canada will become "the Land of Promise."

Two notable birthdays were celebrated last week with considerable pomp and circumstance. The Marquis and Marchioness of Cholmondeley gave a great ball at the famous Cheshire castle from which they take their title, in order to celebrate the coming of age of Lord Rocksavage, although, as an actual fact, the young Earl was one-and-twenty on May 13. Cholmondeley Castle is a fitting residence for a nobleman who enjoys the proud title of Joint Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain. The great hall in which dancing took place contains some magnificent paintings, as does also the dining-room where supper was served. Another coming-of-age festivity took place at Newcastle-on-Tyne, when Lord Ninian Stuart, brother and heir of the Marquis of Bute, was presented with a piece of silver plate by his Durham estate tenantry.

Sir Francis Plunkett, the British Ambassador in Vienna, who is, of course, at Marienbad for the King's visit, is one of the most interesting of British diplomatists. His powerful, bearded, benevolent face shows birth, breeding, and strong purpose, while the forehead, both broad and high, bespeaks the sheer intellect which has carried its possessor to

the highest rank in his profession. Sir Francis was born a Roman Catholic, and was educated at Oscott. His parents, the late Earl and Countess of Fingall, took him with them on their travels when he was quite little, and he remembers seeing Mrs. Augustus Craven, Charles Lever, Pope Gregory XVI., and that great linguist, Cardinal Mezzofanti. Indeed, His Eminence addressed Lord Fingall in the ancient Erse tongue, much to his Lordship's bewilderment. With this cosmopolitan upbringing, young Plunkett took naturally to diplomacy, entering the Foreign Office nearly fifty years ago. Experience in various capitals followed, and it was his privilege to see the Coronation of Francis Joseph as King of Hungary. At Florence, in 1870, he married May, daughter of Mr. C. W. Morgan, of Philadelphia. Lady Plunkett, while possessing typically American brilliance and beauty, is as cosmopolitan as her husband, and her social gifts have charmed the dwellers in the most diverse capitals. At Stockholm, her daughter Nora was wooed and won by Count Fersen Gyldenstolpe, a Swedish diplomatist. Lady Plunkett has a splendid collection of old Japanese bronzes, lacquer, and china. She is also an ardent dog-lover.



MISS OLGA BEATTY-KINGSTON, A CLEVER YOUNG ACTRESS AND DAUGHTER OF THE LATE MR. WILLIAM BEATTY-KINGSTON

Photograph by the Falk Studios, Sydney.

Lady Colin Campbell.

The twentieth century has already seen some notable additions to the group of women playwrights, but none more likely to take a really great place among them than Lady Colin Campbell, whose play,



LADY COLIN CAMPBELL, A VERSATILE JOURNALIST AND KEEN SPORTSWOMAN.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

written in conjunction with Miss Clo Graves, will shortly be produced. Lady Colin is very versatile. Not long after her marriage, which took place in extreme youth, she joined the staff of the *World*, and she has done much admirable work for that paper, including a delightful series entitled "A Woman's Walks," a selection from which has been reprinted in volume form. Her only signed contribution to the *World* has now been for some time the art column. Lady Colin Campbell has published but one work of fiction, a novel entitled "Darell Blake," which was said at the time to be a pen-portrait of a noted journalist of the day. Few women in Society rival this

energetic literary worker in the matter of outdoor sports; she is a keen fisherwoman, a fine horsewoman, and a champion fencer.

Lord Grenfell of Kilvey.

Few men of our time have had so stirring a career as the present Commander of the King's Forces in Ireland. Born in 1841, Francis Wallace Grenfell received his education at Blandford, and joined the 60th Rifles when he was twenty-eight. For some nine years his lot was cast in the paths of peace; then came a long period of almost continuous active service, including the Kafir War of 1878, the Zulu War in the following year, the Transvaal Campaign of 1881-2, the Egyptian Expedition of the latter year, and the Nile Expedition of 1884. As Sirdar of the Egyptian Army he raised the Khedive's Forces to the height of efficiency, and commanded at Suakim in the campaign against the Dervishes in 1889. Later on, after a period of Staff service, he was in command of the British Army in Egypt, and was subsequently appointed Governor of Malta. Then he was promoted to be Commander of the Fourth Army Corps, and an Honorary Colonel of his old "green-jacket" regiment, the King's Royal Rifles. Lord Grenfell's second wife, to whom he was married last year, is a grand-daughter of the twenty-fifth Earl of Crawford, and, as the Hon. Aline Majendie, she was at one time a Maid-of-Honour to Queen Victoria. He is one of the "Coronation Peers," and even now is better remembered as "Sir Francis Grenfell." Last year he was a member of the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the condition of the Militia and Volunteer Forces, and when the Duke of Connaught took up his new appointment as Inspector-General, Lord Grenfell succeeded him in the Irish command.

An American Peeress.

Lady Bagot is one of the many American Peeresses now in English Society. She was before her marriage Miss Lilian May, and is a member of an old Maryland

family. As a girl she was much in Paris and London, and a great favourite in the stiff, old-fashioned Legitimist French world. Lady Bagot is singularly fortunate in the beauty and antiquity of her home, Blithfield, Rugeley, where are still kept up many customs of a bygone day, and where, in addition to priceless relics of Charles I., are kept the Stafford manuscripts. The park is famed for its oaks, and includes one which boasts of being the second largest in the kingdom; when in leaf it affords shade to close on an acre of ground.

It is a curious thing that, just as you at home are worrying yourselves about the decadence of your stage-products, dramatic folk in Paris have arrived at the conclusion that, in one form of play at all events, there is a great deal to be learned from London (writes our Correspondent). The Anglo-American musical play, the play which London learnt from New York and improved on, the

play which, in the words of Mr. Archer, makes but too little call upon an audience's brain, has landed here in Paris with both feet, and has apparently come to stay. Oddly enough, too, Frenchmen have not yet hit upon a method of their own for such productions, and are translating and adapting London favourites, so that the Londoner may now revive his memories of former tuneful numbers and get a French-translation lesson into the bargain upon his week-end trip to Paris. The craze—for it has now assumed quite the proportions of a craze—began with "The Belle of New York," which M. Gavault, the author

of that naughtiest and most successful play, "L'Enfant du Miracle," adapted for the Moulin Rouge. Then came "The Toreador," in which a large slice of "The Earl and the Girl" had been inserted, sandwich fashion, and now I hear that early in October the Folies-Bergères will put on "A Country Girl" in as literal a translation (by Messrs. Fordyce and Victor de Cottens) as can be managed, with all the London effects, and, *mirabile dictu*, the English costumes also.

Max Dearly.

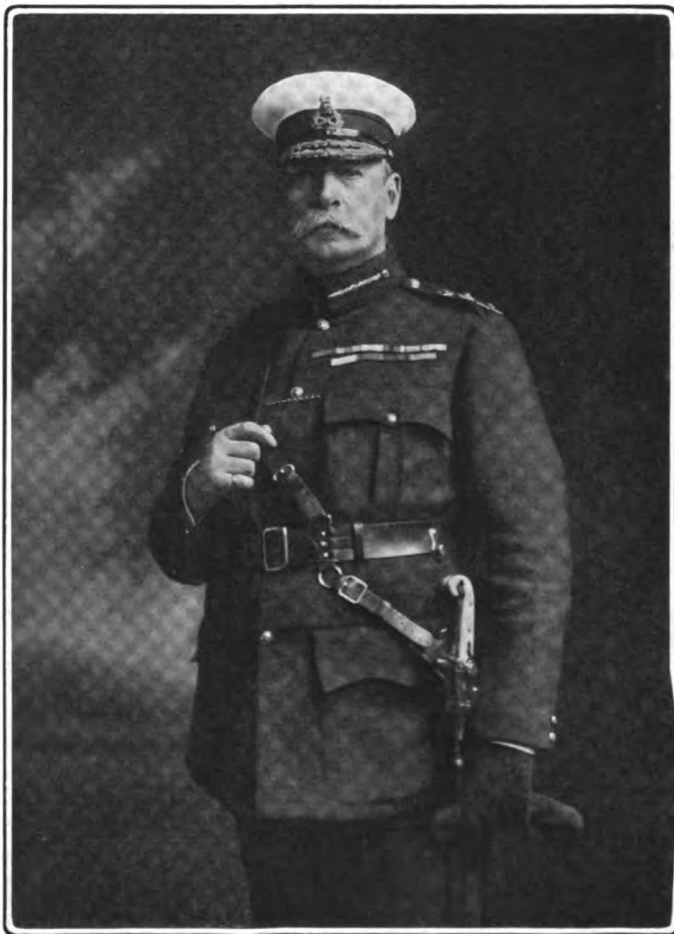
The prime mover in the Anglophile theatrical movement is M. Max Dearly, the Huntley Wright of Paris, who is leaving the Variétés to stage "A Country Girl" for Messrs. Isola and play the leading part in it. It is quite on the cards that, when the run of "A Country Girl" at the Folies-Bergères is over, we may have M. Max Dearly in management in a theatre of his own upon the Boulevards, and when this takes place, he assured me, "you may be certain of one thing, I will have no fees, comfortable seats, a smoking-room, and separate entrances for stalls and gallery. Paris has suffered from uncomfortable theatres quite long enough. I mean to run mine upon London lines."

Mr. A. E. W. Mason's novel, "The Four Feathers," has been approved for issue to crews' libraries in the United States Navy. Mr. Mason has gone for a holiday to Chamounix.



LADY BAGOT, ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR OF AMERICAN PEERESSES.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.



GENERAL LORD GRENFELL, COMMANDER OF THE FORCES IN IRELAND.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

I READ that the International Committee of Anarchists met on August's first Sunday in the Circus at Barcelona, and expressed themselves with their customary enthusiasm with regard to religion, law, capital, and the *bourgeoisie*. Having relieved what they are pleased to call their minds, the Anarchists demanded vengeance for excesses wrought by certain Spanish officials at Alcala del Val. Clearly these unwashed and unmuzzled ones are of opinion that the right of committing excesses is vested exclusively in their crowd. But all these little peculiarities of speech and thought move me less than their decision to make Tangier the centre of their society and the headquarters for spreading propaganda. For what sin committed or omitted should "Tanjah of the Nazarenes" pay so heavy a penalty? Already it boasts or deplores the presence of a very large number of criminals, and the way they reach the Mediterranean sea-port is very amusing to the people who do not take Spanish government very seriously. I had the story from a reliable informant years ago, and since then have verified it in part.

On the Spanish section of Morocco's coast-line stands the penal settlement of Ceuta. It has a large number of soldiers, a huge convict-prison, and legions of small boys who mobbed me when I was last there because they did not approve of my English hat and limited Spanish vocabulary. Now the Governors of Ceuta Prison draw rations for every convict in their charge, so, from their point of view, it is no bad thing for a convict to escape. So long as he is on the books he is entitled to rations, even though he has shaken from off his feet the dust of the great grey prison on the hillside. Consequently, a good bit of this dust-shaking goes on, and countless Spanish convicts escape to Tetuan and Tangier, sometimes in Moorish garb. They are quite safe from pursuit when the sentries are passed. Their methods of wage-earning in the towns they favour are not such as commend themselves to the Western mind, blackmail and the use of *navaja* and sand-bag being relied on to a marked extent. If the International Anarchists are about to shed the light of their presence upon one of the towns that have so many undesirables already, Englishmen will be less inclined than ever to grumble at the Convention by which France is to enjoy the privilege of keeping Tangier in order.

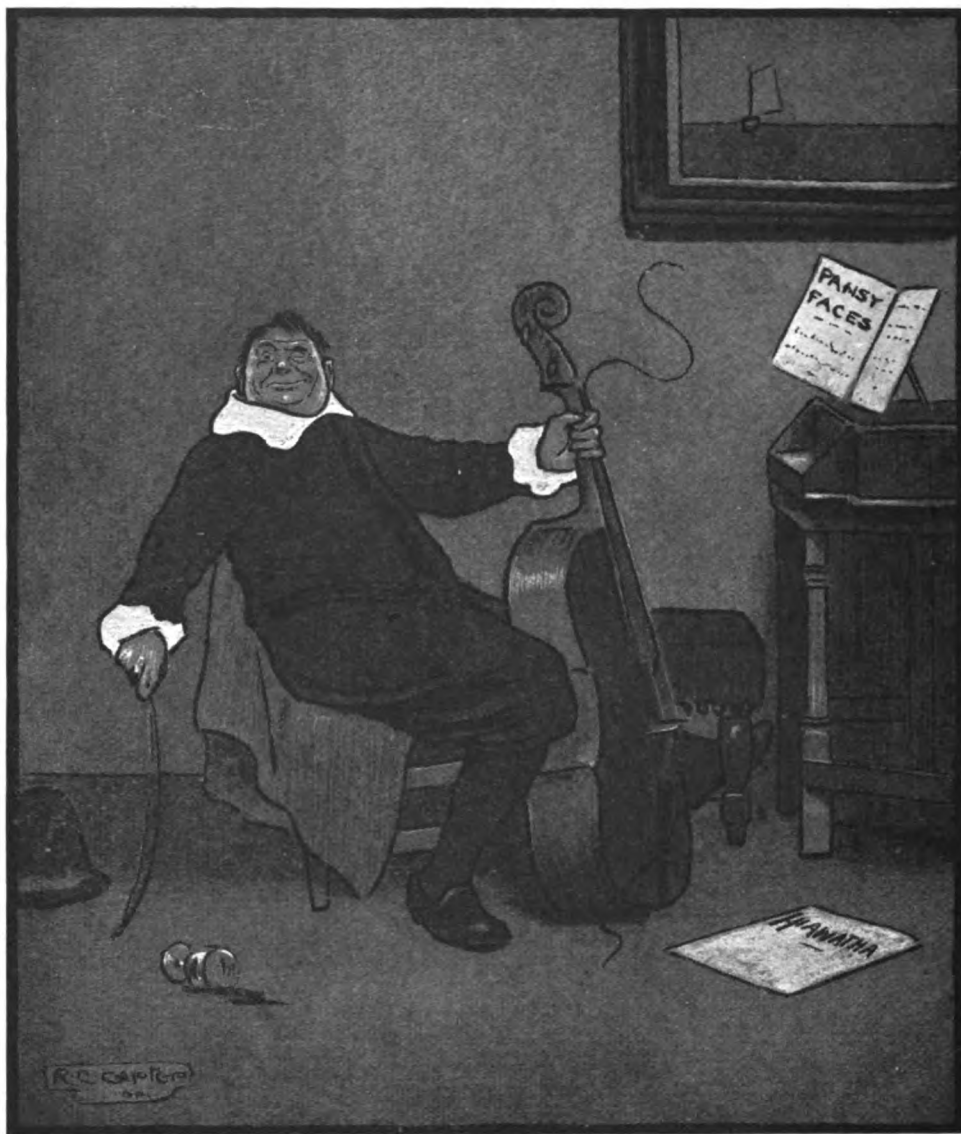
I would like to read in my morning paper more sympathetic references to the Russian forces. With the Russia of the Bureaucrats and vindictive Administrators we cannot sympathise, but so far as the Czar's unfortunate soldiers and sailors are concerned the case is very different. During one of the recent engagements, General Kuroki's forces came upon several thousand of the enemy in close formation and fired "into the brown of them," as Cockney sportsmen fire

point-blank into a covey of birds that rises just in front of the guns. My morning paper's critic was content to sniff at the folly of close formation: I suppose he had forgotten a certain engagement at a place called Magersfontein. I confess that even the colourless account of the Russian disaster made me feel nothing but sympathy with the poor wretches who fell. Russia has plenty of money and plenty of men, but every mother's son among her soldiers is a sentient human being, and when I read of the awful slaughter that is going to enrich Manchuria's crops for years to come, just as Hannibal's victory improved the vineyards of Cannæ, I can't enjoy my holiday. And yet I have seen fighting, and am not unduly sentimental.

"Colonel Young-husband encamped in the neighbourhood of the Grand Lama's private garden," said my morning paper, and when I pictured the gallant soldier supported by Tommy Atkins in that sacred region I found it was hard to repress a shudder. It is well for us that Buddhism is a religion of peace. Let us suppose for a moment that Mecca and Al Madinah were important trading-centres and had no use for the open door. If we attempted to penetrate to the secret places of Islam with an armed force, and commanded the Sheikh-ul-Islam to meet us by the Caaba, the Jihad, or Holy War, would be declared, all the North of Africa would be ablaze, Near East and Far East would unite against the Infidel, and he is a rash man who is prepared to say that the Cross would shine above the Crescent. But we have sat down at the threshold of the sacred town of a faith that is greater than Islam, and doubtless some echoes of the world's most shrouded city answer the chorus of music-hall ditties and the Cockney comments upon the mysteries of

one of the world's most wonderful faiths. It is a great triumph for progress and civilisation—but are they worth it?

I took down "The Statesman's Year-Book" the other evening, after digesting such portions of my morning paper as could not be dealt with in the train. I made a careful study of our naval strength and compared it with that of certain other Powers. Then I tried to understand the British Government's attitude with regard to the *Malacca* and the *Knight Commander*. Had Lord Palmerston been in Downing Street we should have learned that the Mediterranean Fleet had been ordered to find and sink the *Petersburg* and *Smolensk*, and that a Prize Court had been instructed to assemble at Malta when the job was over and find that it was in order. Apparently, Mr. Balfour's milder method is to say that His Majesty's Government holds that Russia was hasty, not to say unjustified, in sinking a British ship, and that, in consequence of the outrage, British trade with the Far East will be suspended until Russia learns to behave better.



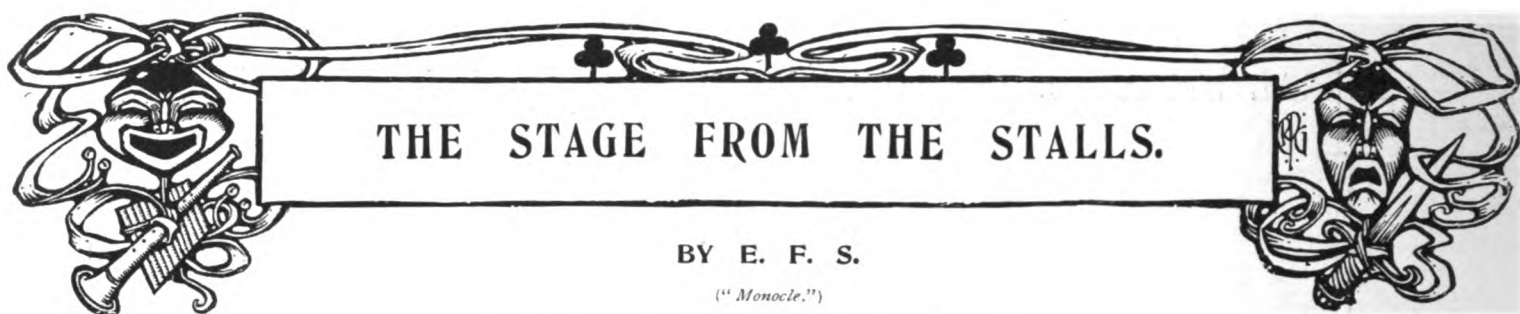
PICTURES FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1904: AS SEEN BY R. C. CARTER.—VII. "FINIS."

With profound apologies to J. Seymour Lucas, R.A.

GENERAL STOESSEL, THE GALLANT DEFENDER OF PORT ARTHUR.



DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"WHAT IS THE CAUSE OF THE DEPRESSION?"

THERE are signs of something like a revolution in the theatrical world. Let me enumerate some of them. Mr. W. T. Stead is going to become a theatre-goer. The last season has been so disastrous to legitimate drama that not more than half-a-dozen novelties, if so many, paid their way. There is a fierce war between the theatres and music-halls, the former seeking to rely upon protective statutes to prevent competition, and having undoubtedly the law on their side, as well as the fact that politicians are too busy to attend to anything so vulgar as non-political legislation. The Stage Society, after several years of success, has become incorporated, and threatens to be a serious element in theatredom. The Savoy Company is playing in musical comedy and the delightful traditions of the Embankment theatre are over. All sorts of people, in all sorts of ways, are discussing all sorts of schemes for the preservation of the theatre. Mr. Archer is optimistic. It has been admitted that at some theatres musical comedy is run in London at a certain loss, with the well-calculated expectation of recoupment and profit in the provinces or abroad—a system which suggests the popular idea of the alleged "dumping" in other trades.

Here are plenty of signs of the times—bad times. Yet theatre-rents go up though the pieces will not go down, and the nominal salaries of the players increase though you could hardly throw a cigarette-paper in the Strand without hitting an unemployed player. Clearly "something is rotten in the State of Denmark," and it is curious to speculate as to the outcome. Mr. Archer says that melodrama and ordinary farce are dead—killed, he suggests, by musical comedy. They are only scotched, I fancy, not killed, and the production of two or three good ones would bring them into vogue again. I wonder whether Mr. Stead's inquest will find that the stage is moribund and deserves its fate. The humour is that undoubtedly we have an abler collection of dramatists than twenty years ago, when the theatres were flourishing, and a good many people would agree with me in saying we are no worse off in the way of competent players. Some, no doubt, will suggest that the mischief is due to the actor-managers and the middle-men who are not really managers, and run theatres, not pieces. It is, at least, difficult to believe that the fact that the catastrophe has grown acute during the season when they have been chiefly predominant involves only a mere coincidence. Still, the suggestion is not wholly true. Others put down everything to the mania for musical comedy; nevertheless, a consideration of the number of the theatres occupied by them and the total number of theatres and the population shows that this explanation is quite unsatisfactory. It is a remarkable element in the question that the growth in number of theatres is not in a progressive ratio to the growth of population and wealth, unless, indeed, one takes into account the suburban theatres, and I doubt if they turn the scale. For a period that has seen the closing of the Lyceum, the Princess's, the Globe, the Opéra-Comique, and the New Olympic has only embraced the opening of Wyndham's Theatre, the New Theatre, the Apollo, the Imperial, and, perhaps, His Majesty's. It is noticeable, too, that during the last few years several of the West-End theatres have only been open intermittently during the season.

The main reason, I believe, is a strange and deplorable change in public opinion. It is my fortune often to discuss theatres with members of a profession of brain-workers, the Bar. Leaving out of the question the many competent men of brains and knowledge who remain briefless, and only considering opinions expressed to me by those who have made their way through sheer mind-work, I find almost universally a distaste for what may be called intellectual drama. An eminent K.C. at the Patent Bar told me not very long ago that he had had more pleasure from "A Chinese Honeymoon" than from any other piece during several years. Fancy that! He expounded the view, often enough put forward by a class of

journalists called dramatic critics, that when he had done a day's work he was unwilling to be asked to think at the theatre, and merely desired to be amused with the least possible trouble to himself. His opinion was echoed by half-a-dozen other real big-wigs. Now I fancy that most people would have expected the Bar to be pre-eminently a class likely to show intellectual curiosity in its amusements; if and since it does not, one can hardly imagine that any class exists in this country which does, unless it be the idle rich, but the theatre cannot live upon the stalls and boxes.

There is undoubtedly a heterogeneous collection of eager if not earnest playgoers, and several notable figures at the Bar are at most of the first-nights. It would appear, however, that this heterogeneous body is diminishing in number; the only reason I can suggest for this is two-fold: that the proportion of interesting plays—that is, of plays interesting to it—has gone down, and that it has lost confidence in the critics, and so sometimes misses what it would consider an interesting piece because it will not act upon the critics' advice. It is appalling to think what would be the state of the theatres but for the vogue of certain particular theatres and players. If my views are correct, the position is almost desperate, and certainly such remedies as the establishment of a State or Municipal Theatre or the institution of a subvention would be useless. Yet I believe that the paradoxical proposition of commerce, that supply often creates demand, might play an important part in the regeneration.

It is inconceivable that there do not exist a sufficient number of potential playgoers among Londoners, including the floating population, to support a dozen theatres devoted to legitimate drama, and I think they will be best catered for by a revival of the old class of manager, who only studied one theatre, who did not act, and who relied for profit upon the production of pieces good enough to draw without extravagant mounting, and cheap enough in mounting to be withdrawn without terrible losses. Putting aside the few theatres under the rule of permanent actor-managers, it must be noted that a large proportion of enterprises are promoted for the exploitation of individual players strong enough temporarily in position to capture a syndicate and not rich enough in attraction to draw the public.

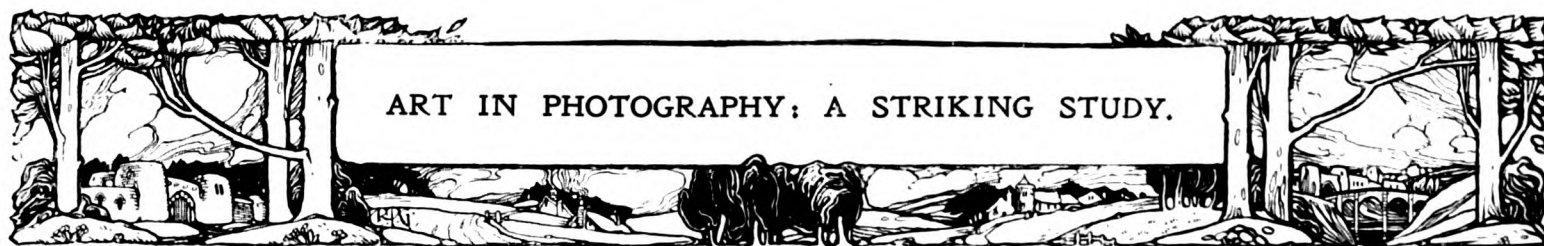
I believe that the brightest element in the whole picture is the splendid success of the Stage Society, which, whilst producing plays at first sight appearing to be of little commercial value, has made steady and rapid progress. If it gets the financial support to which it is entitled by its record, in a few years we shall see it permanently occupying a theatre and appealing successfully to the body of playgoers, in the existence of which I firmly believe, that takes an intelligent interest in drama and is so anxious to be interested rather than merely amused that it will run a little risk of being bored.

In relation to this, one may consider the nature of the newly incorporated Society now appealing to the public for further support and relying for recommendation on its remarkable record of the production of twenty-one English and thirteen foreign plays new to Londoners, many of which really belong to literature, whilst nearly all were interesting. According to its constitution, it is primarily incorporated "To promote and encourage Dramatic Art; to serve as an Experimental Theatre; to provide such an organisation as shall be capable of dealing with any opportunities that may present themselves or be created for the permanent establishment in London of a Repertory Theatre; and to establish and undertake the management and control of such a Theatre." A Government grant for it may be deemed out of the question, and also undesirable; but since membership only involves an entrance-fee of a guinea and annual subscription of a guinea and liability of one pound, for which members are entitled to a seat at all performances, there should be a hearty response.



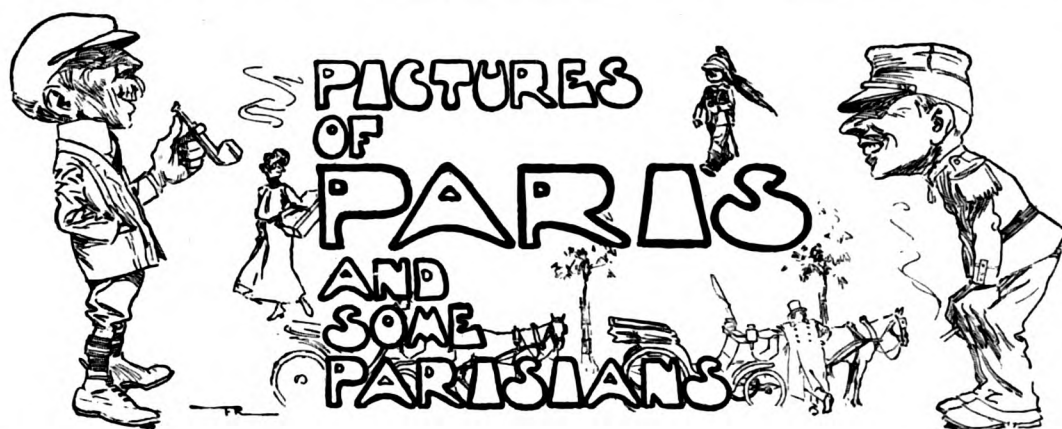
MDLLE. GENÉE, PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE IN
"HIGH JINKS," AT THE EMPIRE.

Photograph by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.



MISS ADELINE ANCASTER, WHO APPEARED IN "RESURRECTION" AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann, Devonshire Street, W.



By JOHN N. RAPHAEL.

Illustrated by FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.

X.—IN "THE HALL OF THE THOUSAND COLUMNS."

WE were a little late in starting, for the Vicomte had not explained what we were going out to see, and "The Hall of the Thousand Columns" had suggested an "Arabian Nights" like entertainment, something like the Opera on a Gala Evening, for which full evening-dress was necessary.

"I regret it," said the Vicomte, whom we found in the shabbiest of clothes and the courtyard of the hotel, "I regret it. You have put you the fingers in the eye. All is not cold that glistens, as your proverb says, and 'The Hall of the Thousand Columns' is not so celebrate as you imagine. But she is worth the seeing. Make yourselves more of the people as to costume, and we go."

Paris has the peculiarity so many great towns have, that all its slums are within a few minutes of the glitter and the glare of the extravagance of fashion, and so we were but half-surprised, on turning down one short side-street from the main artery of the Boulevard, to find ourselves as utterly beslummed as we had been in Belleville.

"We first shall go and find some friends," the Vicomte said. "We shall strangle a parrot, we others, and Mademoiselle shall watch us."

We all began to feel a little bit uncomfortable. This parrot-strangling business sounded unpleasant, and we feared that the

Vicomte had been induced, by a mistaken wish to gratify what he imagined to be British tastes, to show us the Parisian version of a cock-fight. Harold hinted as much, and the small man, as he invariably does when he becomes excited, faced us in the centre of the pavement and stamped his feet for sheer enjoyment.

"Oh, là, là, là, là, là!" he cried, wiping the tears out of the crinkles round his eyes. "Strangle ze parrot! Fight ze cock! Name of a Little Good Man Grey! I laugh! I am amuse! You think them sameblable!" Which last word is a specimen of what we call the Vicomte's *entente cordiale* English.

When he recovered, he explained that "étouffer un perroquet" was modern French for sipping absinthe, "because both the birds are green,"



A Belleville Type.

and, furthermore, that we were going to look up some young Socialists, acquaintances of his, and, with them, to attend a meeting at which Jaurès, the crowd-compeller, was to speak.

"And he can speak, my little ones, that Jaurès. You shall hear him. John Burns of Paris, I hear someone call him. Burns! Ah, ma sainte perruque—'my wig,' you say it—I think he does burn!"

The friends of the Vicomte were youthful enthusiasts, low-browed, glittery-eyed, pasty-faced, and downtrodden to look at, and all their companions who sat strangling parrots around them were cast in the same mould. But they were earnest, if youthful, these socialo-republicans. No "Vicomte" here, and no "Monsieur," but "camarade" and "citoyen" in conversation. Equality, fraternity, and, in as far as manners went, more liberty, perhaps, than was entirely pleasant.

"It is the hour," one of them said, as a clock struck the last stroke of eight. "Allons, then, to the 'Mille Colonnes.' Come, citizens."

A huge, bare hall, with a great platform at one end of it, and round the walls large looking-glasses. A balcony supported by the pillars from which the "Mille Colonnes" got its name, and men and women seated upon narrow benches. A perfect sea of men and women, and all pathetically alike. The Vicomte's friends have interest, it seems, and we are seated well up near the platform, so that we can see both the speakers and their audience.

There are no speakers yet, but ill-dressed men in broadcloth, Deputies of the Extreme Left, the Vicomte tells us, and members of Committees are gathering in force, and, early though it is, the body of the hall is full as far as we can see it.

For we cannot see all of it. The huge place is a parallelogram, and badly lighted, so that the pale and eager faces tail off into a sea of misty distance, which billows, for sheer eagerness, in sea-like waves of pasty faces. There is a hum, a roar, and—Jaurès on the platform.

A little man, dressed in ill-fitting, crumpled clothes, with trousers all too short. A shiny, bearded face; the features of a carpenter, square-cut, plebeian, small mechanic in each line of them. His voice, as he begins to speak, is husky, beery almost, then grates like a machine—saw when the edge has slipped. But suddenly it thrills. The man is warming to his subject now. His face glows with the light of his conviction. He strides, as he speaks, up and down the platform, and each point he makes he rams home both with voice and gesture, banging his right fist into

the open palm of his left hand with a crash, as though there were a nail upon a board beneath it.

And every point is taken by the eager listeners. They sway to each inflection of that organ-voice which grates or soothes and swells as Jaurès plays the anger-stop or that of pathos, roar at the laughter-moving portions, listen agape to the instructive parts of the discourse, and, in response to passionate appeal, the huge room full of discontented workers seethes and boils up in wild excitement.

And presently it weeps, for it is listening to tales of misery, and not an eye in the vast audience is dry.

Swift on the pathos comes the call for action, and the half-hearted



Jaurès.

cry for moderation and for order. In a moment the human sea is up in spate. Men brandish heavy sticks, the women shriek like furies, the flood of manifestants sweeps up the hall towards the doors, and—

"Let us go ourselves of it," the Vicomte whispered.

Pictures of Paris and Some Parisians.

By Frank Reynolds, R.I.



"VIVE L'ARMÉE!"

ENGLAND IN AUGUST: A HINT FOR THE HOLIDAY-MAKER.



LATHKILN DALE, DERBYSHIRE.



NETHERFIELD BRIDGE, KENDAL, WESTMORLAND.



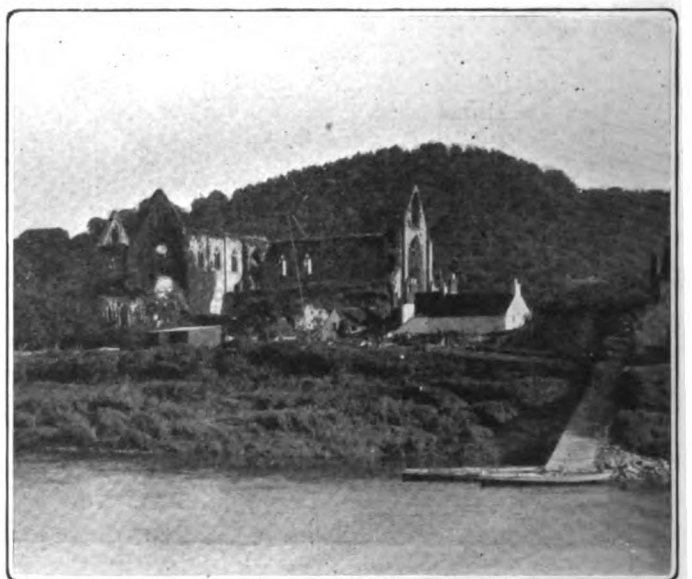
MONSAL DALE, DERBYSHIRE.



THE RIVER LUNE, WESTMORLAND.



TINTAGEL CASTLE, CORNWALL.



TINTERN ABBEY, MONMOUTHSHIRE.

Photographs by Bingley, Hogg, and the Press Picture Agency.

ENGLAND IN AUGUST: A HINT FOR THE HOLIDAY-MAKER.



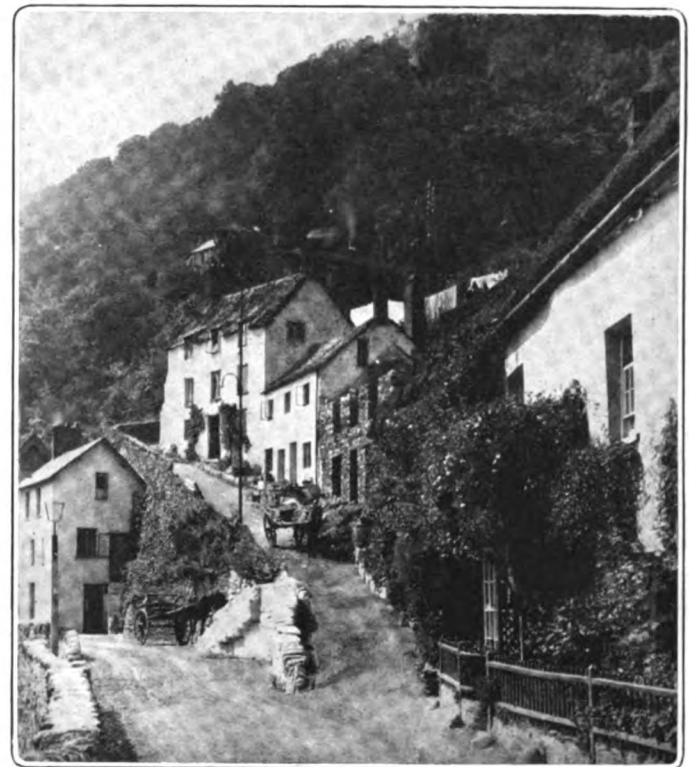
TALHOUSE BROAD, NORFOLK.



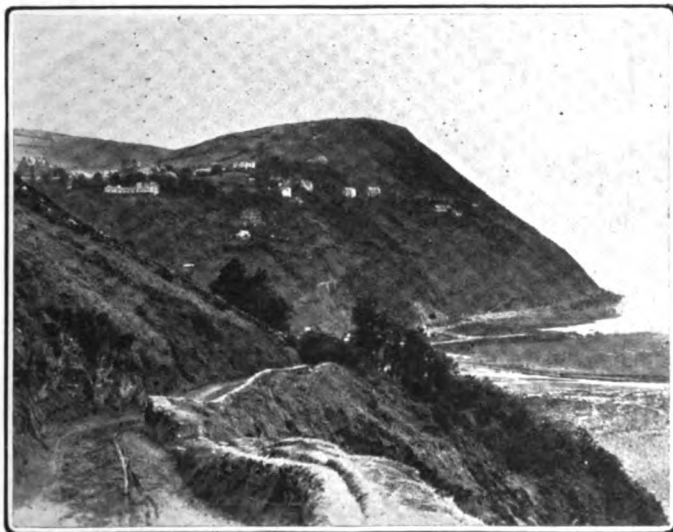
THE RIVER WAVENEY, BECCLES, SUFFOLK.



HIGH STREET, CLOVELLY, DEVONSHIRE.



LYNMOUTH, DEVONSHIRE.



LYNTON, DEVONSHIRE.



ROCKFORD, LYNMOUTH, DEVONSHIRE.

Photographs by Bingley.

THE HUSBAND, THE WIFE, AND THE CLAIRVOYANTE.

"I CANNOT leave Paris," said the Husband, "without first consulting Madame Chose. You know that the Drakes told us there never *was* such a woman! For myself, I had always detested the mere thought of these clairvoyantes. But Drake is a clever fellow, and one does want to know——"

"Yes, dear," went on the Wife; "one *does* want to know if the mine in Coimbra will yield, and if Violet's engagement with Captain Lewis will come off, and if this weakness of my throat will develop into——"

"No, I am sure it will not," interrupted the Husband, and he coughed, with a slight show of irritation. "But, as you say, if one only knew about the mine, one would realise more fully if one could afford to buy that little freehold in——"

"I don't care so much about the freehold. It's dear little Violet I'm thinking of. And you know that Madame Chose did tell the Drakes that their Basil would shortly marry a tall, red-haired girl with a soprano voice and a mole on the left——"

"Cheek! But the red-haired girl hasn't appeared yet."

"She may," smiled the Wife, triumphantly. "And their Uncle Tom may yet be found in the Lido. Madame Chose foretold that she saw him drowning quite clearly before her very eyes. She saw, too, the German nursery-governess, whom they had left in London, lying in bed with German measles——"

"It turned out to be nettle-rash."

"Never mind, dear; even doctors can't always diagnose. And, then, Madame Chose assured the Drakes they would shortly move from Rosary Gardens to Manchester Square. And they did!"

"Well, they certainly are the most sensible people we know, and the most matter-of-fact. They could not deceive themselves," admitted the Husband.

"Madame Chose told Mary, too, that Mr. Drake would one day be seized with homicidal mania——!"

"I hope poor old Drake didn't hear of it?"

"N-n-n-no! I don't think Mary repeated that. But I know what gossips men are. Mind that *you* do not let the matter go further."

The Husband again showed a slight tendency to bronchial irritation.

"What nonsense you talk, dear! We are forgetting our own fortunes, too, and there's not a moment to waste. Chose lives in the Rue Cambon, and I must get there and back before five if we are to pack up and dine before starting for London to-night."

"I shall go with you. I should love to see Madame Chose!"

"My dear Letty, you will do nothing of the sort. You know how nervous you are. If she told you anything was going to happen to the children, you'd simply fret yourself into an illness."

"How absurd! Why, I should just call in Dr. Walker, and, forewarned, be forearmed."

"No, no! I go alone, or not at all."

"You are afraid, I see, of my hearing what she has to say about you. The mere fact of your wishing so anxiously to go alone tells me that—there might be revelations——"

"Nonsense, nonsense, Mary! My mind is quite made up in this. As I have said, I go alone. Let us argue no more. Only tell me what I am to ask Chose on your behalf."

"First, you must ask her about Violet and Captain Lewis, and how soon he is likely—well, to propose. Then about my throat. It is most important for me to know whether this weakness of the vocal chords may in time develop into laryn——"

"No, there's no chance of that. I won't mention laryngitis. But I must ask her whether there's likely to be a slump in Nubians."

"Oh, yes; you must not forget Nubians! But, Harry, listen. Just to gain confidence in her, ask Chose first to describe this room and me sitting in it. A common enough little *hôtel* salon, it's true, yet, if she gave a true description of it and me, why, your faith in her would be immediate—you would have courage to go on."

"Very well. So let it be. I will first ask her to tell me what this room is like."

"And I will put a coal-scuttle on the top of the grand piano. If she told you that, you could believe in her for ever——"

"And a day."

Impressing a hasty kiss upon his wife's brow, the Husband fled downstairs.

"*A tantôt!*" he cried, and smiled a sheepish English smile at his wife as he jumped into his fiacre and waved to her as she watched him from the window.

Soon the cocher let down his fare at No. —, Rue Cambon. Madame Chose, a lady alarming to look upon, but with a reassuring manner, welcomed the Englishman on the stairs and led him to a darkened room.

"Shake hands. Be seated," she said. Then, closing her eyes, "*Continuez*, for I am ready. What is there you seek for to know, Monsieur?"

"I should like, Madame, a word-picture of the little salon in the *Hôtel Malines* I have just left."

"*Hein!* A word-picture! What that?"

The Husband explained.

The Clairvoyante resumed, "It is a salon, as you say. Just a little salon in the *Hôtel Malines*. And six chairs are there. The window-curtains are of cretonne. Upon the walls I behold oil-pictures of Monsieur and Madame Loubet, and the photograph of an automobile. At the window sits a lady. Ah, but a *jolie* creature—*quelle grâce, quel style!*—your wife."

The Husband looked a little dubious.

"But, yes, *une femme charmante*, who looks towards a grand piano. . . . The turn of her head is *élégante!*"

"Yes, yes! A grand piano, and upon it you see?" he cried, much excited.

"Interrupt me not," said the lady, rather displeased. "Upon it I see a form—but a form——"

"A form? Yes. What is it?"

"The form grows clearer . . . yet more clear! *It is a coal-scuttle!*"

The Husband's eyes sparkled. In simple faith he now proceeded with his questions, to which Madame replied, in the main, satisfactorily. Back he hastened, after his last adieu and the pressure of his fee into the Clairvoyante's hand, in triumph to his wife.

"Letty!" he cried. "It's all right. Violet *is* to be engaged to Lewis before the year's out! The mine in Coimbra *will* succeed fairly well. There never was or will be anything whatever the matter with your throat. Nubians are to remain steady. As to my baldness, I am afraid——"

"But," put in the Wife, "did you first ask Chose to describe this room, and me in it?"

"Why, of course! That's the most wonderful thing of all! She described this room exactly, and you in it—*quelle grâce, quel style!*—the prettiest woman she ever saw! And, my dear, the coal-scuttle on the grand piano!"

The Wife's face fell.

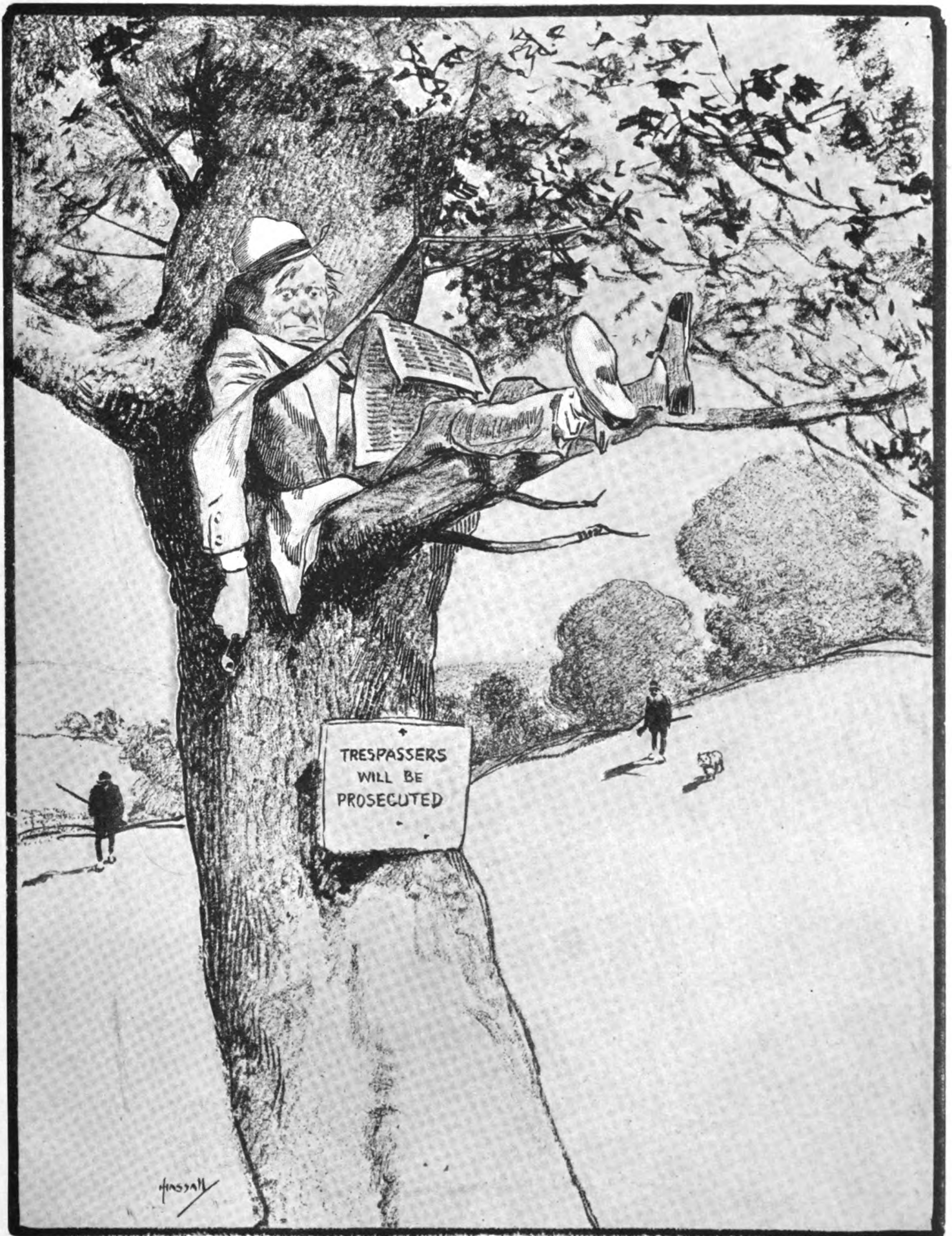
"The coal-scuttle!" she faltered. "Why, I forgot all about the coal-scuttle after you left! *I never put it there!*"

CONSTANCE BEERBOHM.



THE CLAIRVOYANTE.

THE HUMOURIST AND THE WAR-CRITIC.



"Strikes me this 'ere Russian General's in a tight place—if 'e only knew it."

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

VERY few books are being published at present, but in publishing houses it is almost the busiest time of the year, for it is now that the books of the autumn season are being printed. It is now that the bookbinders are submitting their designs. It is now that authors are returning their proofs. Even in publishing houses people will have their holidays in July and August, and those who remain have to work all the harder. Having seen several of the publishers' lists, I may express the confident opinion that the new books will be deficient neither in quantity nor in quality. There is no book announced of anything like the importance of Mr. Morley's *Life of Gladstone*. This is not an unmixed evil—for authors, at any rate. When the average buyer finds the money for a large book like the *Life of Gladstone*, he has less to spare for other books. Trade at present is dull, but Colonial orders are coming in well.

That well-conducted magazine, the *New York Critic*, has been publishing a series of literary love-letters, called "Jessica's Letters." They passed between a young lady who did reviewing and her editor. The editor was a bachelor, and their correspondence ended in matrimony. Literary associations do sometimes terminate in that way. At Mrs. Leo Hunter's famous party, the young lady who did the poetry in the *Eatonsville Gazette* appeared in the garb of a Sultana, leaning upon the arm of the young gentleman who did the reviewing department, and who was appropriately habited in a Field-Marshal's

uniform. Jessica became very much enamoured indeed. "The very reviews I wrote were, in a sense, remote love-letters, foreign prayers to your strange soul. I even banished distance . . . and often sat in spirit upon the perilous ledge of your window-sill." Beautiful indeed! The writer of the book is said to be that very clever journalist, Miss J. L. Gilder.

Mr. Dent has given the *Book Monthly* a very interesting account of the origin and progress of his well-known reprints. The first was the "Temple Shakespeare," of which about a quarter of a million copies are sold every year. Of the comedies, "Much Ado About Nothing" probably sells best, with the "Midsummer Night's Dream" second, and, of the tragedies, "Hamlet" is first. The most popular volume in the series of the "Temple Classics" is "Essays of Elia," and next to that comes the "Golden Book of Marcus Aurelius." The writings of St. Francis of Assisi are very popular, and of Dante's "Paradiso" about twenty thousand copies have been sold. Novels are less successful. Books like "Jane Eyre" and "Westward Ho!" do fairly well, but readers seem content with novels in the usual form. Mr. Dent, I understand, proposes to start a literary quarterly.

There is still one story for boys by the late George A. Henty which remains to be published. This, I believe, is the last. Henty has had no successor to his popularity as a writer for boys. Other men have been as diligent, and probably quite as clever, but they have not succeeded in catching the public.

There is to be, after all these years, a *Life of William Harrison Ainsworth*. Ainsworth's books are now being largely read in England. Many publishing firms have thought it worth while to reprint, and a demand may be safely presumed. What if there is a revival of G. P. R. James? His best books are quite as good as Ainsworth's, and much more healthy.

A recent writer comments on the passing of the preface. He says the indications are that it will soon be totally extinct. Mr. Bernard Shaw is almost the only modern author who prefixes his works with prefaces properly so called. This is not quite true. We have had some valuable prefaces in late years—among them Mr. Swinburne's apologia for his own work and Mr. Watts-Dunton's introductions to "Aylwin." We have also had very many prefaces written for the various series of reprints which bulk so largely in the publishing of to-day. In these I am a confirmed believer. When a man for the first time reads a classic, he welcomes the opportunity of knowing its history. Introductions are read after the book is perused, and not before. I believe also in authors' prefaces to their own books. The risk is that the critic may read nothing else, and it follows that authors should not be overmodest; but it is very useful to know what the producer of a book had in view, the materials he worked with, and the additions he was able to make to them. A good collection of English prefaces would make a very useful and instructive book, and the same might be said of a volume of dedications.

Among the popular books of the moment in America are several English novels. Most prominent among them is Mr. Hewlett's "Queen's Quair." "Olive Latham," by Mrs. Voynich, is also mentioned, and the "Elizabeth" books are still sold widely. The most popular by far, however, is Mr. Churchill's "The Crossing," and, next to it, "The Silent Places," by Mr. White. The latter book is to appear in London in the autumn. I am glad to see in one list Mr. Bernard Shaw's very clever book, "The Quintessence of Ibsenism." It has been republished in America by Brentano, and it ought to be republished in a suitable form in this country. O. O.



RESEARCHES IN THE DANCE: V.—THE EASTERN STYLE.

A HEAD-DINNER.

By CLO GRAVES.

The last expiring gasp of a once ultra-fashionable craze assembles round the circular dinner-table of the CHATBY-FLUTTERLINGS—ten or a dozen presumably sane adults of both sexes, attired as to their bodies in the correct dinner-costume of 1904, disguised as to their heads in the characters of various defunct celebrities prominent in history and general biography. Conversation is painfully cramped by the penal obligation of expressing ideas in chronological keeping with the period of one's hat and wig.

MARIE ANTOINETTE (*who, as hostess, has secured the most popular coiffure*). Now, you'll all remember that anybody who commits a conversational anachronism—what-do-you-call-it?—contributes five shillings to the Wounded Japanese Ambulance and Stretcher Fund, or the Jack-and-Tommy Club if their sympathies don't go with the dear little Japs! (*She shakes her large hat and powdered wig warningly at her guests.*)

DANTON (*whose expression of defiant scorn is intensified by the self-consciousness inseparable from appearing in public décolleté*). First fine from the Citizeness Capet! Oh, by the way, have you heard that Consul's dead?

MARIE ANTOINETTE. Yes, the dear beast! How sad!

RAPHAEL (*who has added to the Renaissance hair of a decadent minor poet the beard of the Prodigy of Urbino, and compromised between the sixteenth and twentieth centuries by the substitution of a sage-green ballet-chemise, cut square, for the starched shirt of modern commerce*). He was so repulsively, fascinatingly human! I went to see him twenty times.

DANTON. You must feel as though you had lost a brother!

MARIE ANTOINETTE (*tittering*). There's a perfect love of a Uganda monkey at the "Zoo." We—

A VOICE. Another fine from Madame Veto!

MARIE ANTOINETTE (*guilelessly*). Oh! Which is she? What fun!

DANTE (*from the host's chair*). You're she, darling. Don't you remember? The French Revolutionists— (*The divine poet's wreath of laurel descends over his shirt-collar as there is a general outcry of remonstrance.*)

MARIE ANTOINETTE (*pouting a carefully cultivated Austrian underlip*). Of course! How stupid! But she was called such lots of things!

RAPHAEL. Oh, yes, including "The Baker's Wife" and the "Austrian Woman," and that lurid nickname gained by the scandal of the Diamond Necklace, a gout of mud hurled by the reeking hands of the proletariat in the face of the throned statue of Crowned Supremacy and—

SIR PETER LELY (*happy in the vicinity of his last enslaver and in the adoption of a character which does not involve the sacrifice of a cavalry moustache*). Fine! Fine! (*To RAPHAEL*) You don't know anything about the French Revolution, don't you know! You died of a Vatican fresco in the sixteenth century, you know. Do be consistent! (*To his soul's idol, who sports the coif, veil, and accessories of Mary Queen of Scots*) It was below the Macgarnie Falls, where there's a big pool, and I was spinnin' a prawn on a Stuart tackle, when I hooked a regular brute of a fish! Thirty pounds to scale; nearly pulled me out of the—

DANTE (*his green wreath rakishly askew*). Fine! Big salmon and Stuart tackle don't belong to your Period, my dear chap!

SIR PETER LELY. It's all in order, old man. I was having a day on the Thames near Whitehall with old Rowley, don't you know. That's why I used a Stuart tackle, as a delicate compliment to the Merry Monarch, you know. Charles was awfully keen on the sport!

CROMWELL (*a shy man, making the one great social effort of his life*). The Stuarts were all fishy characters! (*Embarrassed by the sensation he has created, he drops a piece of cutlet on his cambric collar.*)

ANNE BOLEYN. Quite true; and, gramercy, meseemeth I have reason to say you're right. You know the kind of man my husband was!

EVERYBODY. No! No! No! King Henry the Eighth! Tudor, you know!

HANNIBAL (*whom pride in a classically perpendicular profile has committed to a helmet weighing ten pounds*). By Bel and—and the

Dragon, the gentle Anne is right! Isn't Edward the Seventh descended from Henry the Eighth, and hasn't he got Stuart blood in his—?

[*A deafening controversy ensues, in which the names of Lennox, Darnley, Mary of Scotland, James the Sixth, and James the Second are freely bandied.*]

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS (*wounded by aspersions cast upon her fair fame*). Really, you're all too horrid! Compared with Queen Elizabeth and other famous women of my day, I was almost respectable, wasn't I?

DANTE (*chivalrously*). Certainly you were. As for Queen Bess, she—

[*A general Babel. HANNIBAL greatly distinguishes himself in defence of the Virgin Monarch's claim to that title.*]

HANNIBAL (*completing a somewhat lengthy schedule of peccadilloes*). Then there were Leicester and the Duke of Anjou, and Essex and Raleigh, and a dozen others, besides that young fellow who wore roses in his shoes and danced. Sir—

DANTE. Fine! Fine! You were dead hundreds of years before all that happened!

HANNIBAL (*stoutly*). If it comes to that, so were you!

DANTON (*to ANNE BOLEYN*). Take my word for it, it's all over with poor old Billy—the best man ever created, take him all round. The decree nisi will be pronounced in a day or two. Then, take my word for it, she marries Martoll. He's very young and very green, but she wants a title and those millions his Yankee mother brought into the family. Get out of it! No; Joseph is regularly entangled.

A VOICE. Fine! Henry Arthur Jones has nothing to do with the Reign of Terror.

DANTON (*eating iced-pudding*). I don't mean his Joseph; I'm quoting Mrs. Potiphar's! (*A congealed cherry escapes from the spoon and finds a haven in his manly bosom.*) Gr-r-h!

ANNE BOLEYN (*sympathetically*). Isn't it awful! Nearly as bad as having a servant splash scalding gravy down one's back. You won't come out in a low-cut gown again, I suppose, will you? Oh, look at Hannibal! The man opposite with the wobbly helmet leaning over to whisper to Undine—the scraggy little woman with water-lilies in her hair.

[*There is a terrific crash of china and glass as HANNIBAL'S helmet tumbles into UNDINE'S plate. Servants rush to retrieve the fragments.*]

SIR PETER LELY *seizes the opportunity under cover of the disaster of saying something tender to MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.*

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. You don't mean it, you foolish boy!

SIR PETER LELY. Oh, look here, do believe a fellow! When I say . . . This is for life, by—by George! 'Pon my soul, when I saw you first, under that mimosa at Mentone, I knew you were the only woman on earth— (*He has raised his voice incautiously, and now finds himself making a passionate declaration to a tableful of attentive listeners.*)

A VOICE. Then he ought to have come as Adam, and she might have put in as Eve. (*A titter.*)

DANTE (*in commiseration for SIR PETER'S scarlet shame*). We went down to Staines for Saturday to Monday. Had to pole up Putney's Avenue in a punt; river right up to the door-steps. Nothing to do but play Bridge, and we did. Began after five-o'clock tea Saturday, and, intervals for meals allowed, kept at it until breakfast-time Sunday. I won forty—

HIS WIFE (*as everybody is beginning to talk Bridge*). And have lost another five shillings! (*The talkers desist.*)

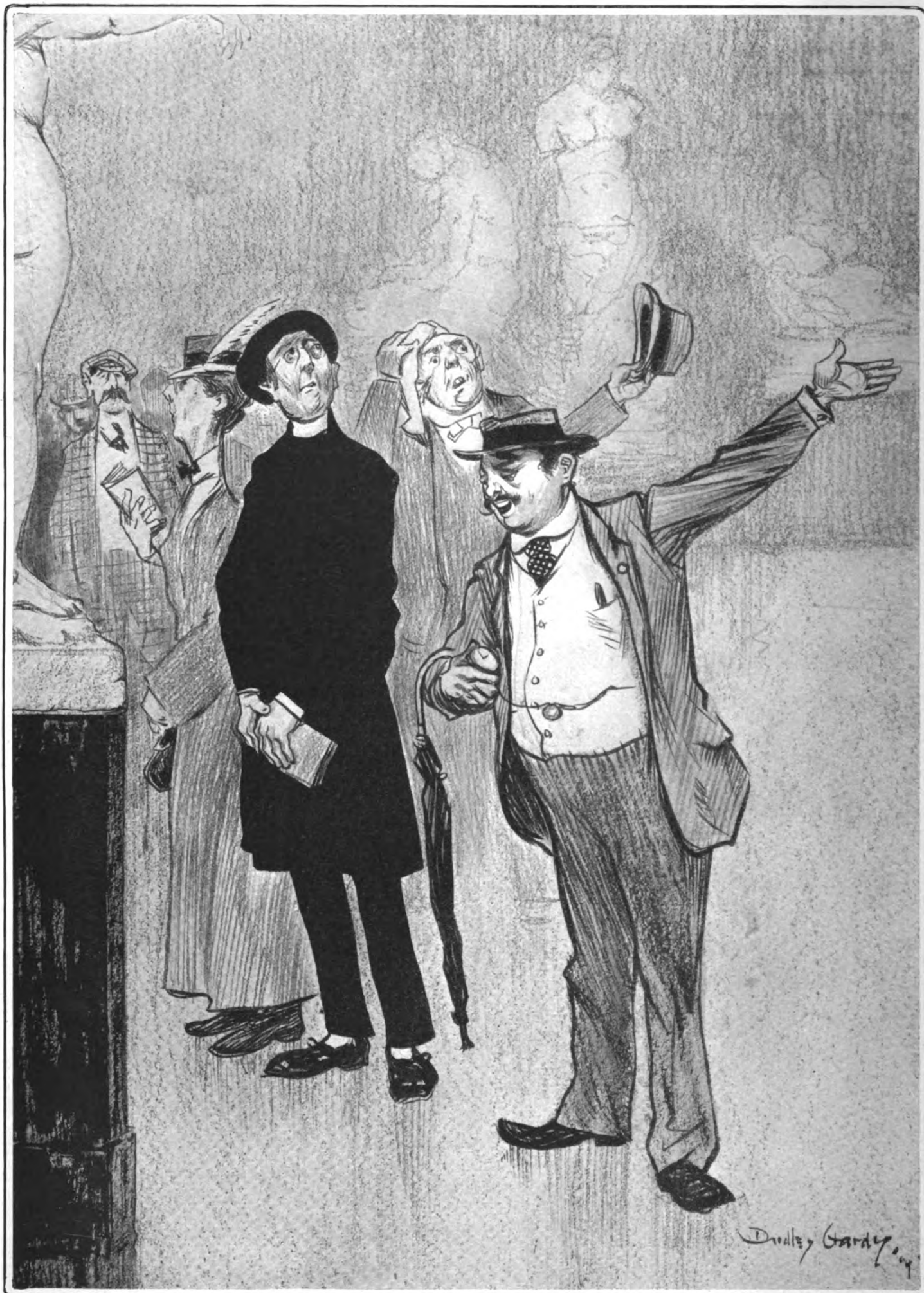
[*A NEWSPAPER-BOY goes by, yelling under the windows.*]

Boy. Speshul, hextry speshul! War! 'Ere y'ar, sir! 'Orful slaugh—ter. Hexterminashun o' Rooshians by Jappernese! Slaugh—ter o' Jappernese by Rooshians! Hextry speshul! All the latest! Rooshia mobernising the Armies o' the Crocuses! Battle on the Yaller! British gunboat—

[*The butler appears with a sheaf of "Midnight Suns." There is an instantaneous and general rebound from the Past to the Present, and, the absorbing topic of the day having been exhaustively discussed, Bridge puts an anachronistic climax on the evening.*]

CURTAIN.

Holiday Types. By Dudley Hardy.



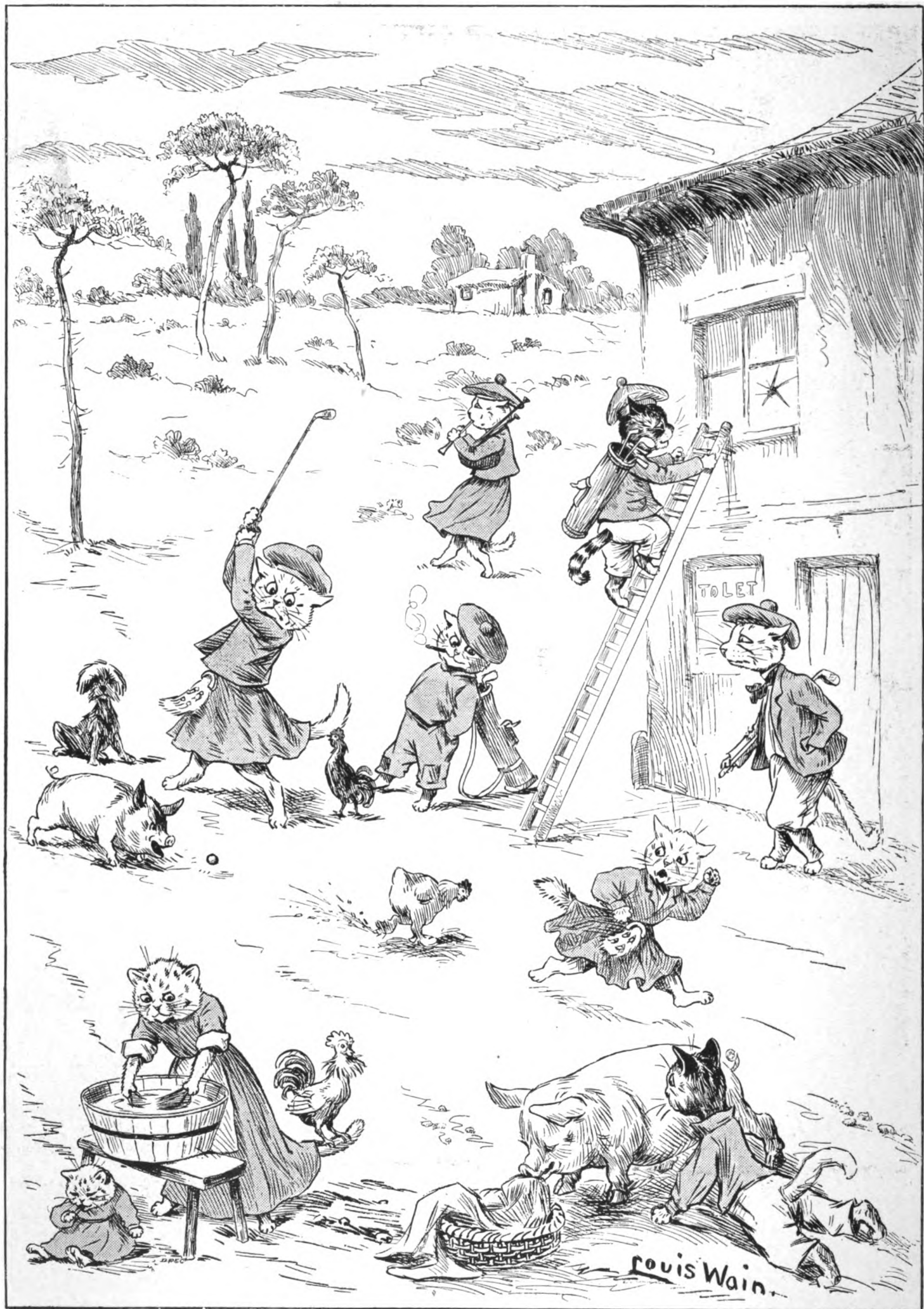
V.—GUIDE (11.15 a.m.): Ladies and Gentlemen, this is the celebrated Louvre. We shall have five minutes here, then call at the Invalides, and catch the twelve o'clock train to Versailles.

Tragi-Comedies. By S. H. Sime.



II.—THE LOW-COMEDIAN.

THE OBSERVATIONS OF LOUIS WAIN.



VILLAGE SPORT.

A NOVEL
IN
A NUTSHELL.

"SHE LOVES ME, SHE
LOVES ME NOT."

By COSMO HAMILTON.



THE Thorvertons' place on the banks of the Thames at Maidenhead had every advantage which Nature and Art could bring to bear upon it. It was not one of those new places which are carefully made to look old. It was an old place which looked every day of its age. But it had grown old gracefully. Its warm red bricks glowed with ruddy health. Its roof, like the head of a well-preserved old man, showed white here and there in its tiles. Its Elizabethan windows and doorways had been patched, and its terrace-steps showed the signs of countless feet long since at rest. Almost black with age, its yews, cut into a hundred quaint shapes, and its elms, thick-branched and wrinkled, grouped themselves round it like elderly relatives. The young life in the beds and in the rosary blazed with colour, and the lawn, as green as the cloth of a billiard-table, and as flat, stretched from its feet to the edge of the river. Beyond these things, the sun fell warmly upon everything, and birds sang their little songs and bees hummed a chorus, and one would have thought that peace and content reigned there in placid partnership.

One would have been wrong. Everywhere there was an air of suppressed anxiety. For it was St. Swithin's Day.

Consequently, Mrs. Thorverton's father, old Lord Thuxton, read unintelligible details of cyclonic disturbances in his daily paper with that look of patient suffering always to be seen on the face of habitual acrostic-solvers. Captain Swaythling threw a collection of vivid cushions into a punt, with both eyes on the sky. An ancient gardener, who was brushing stray rose-leaves off the right lawn, eyed a small cloud to the west suspiciously, while the actors and actresses, who have made Maidenhead almost too much their own, passed by in gaudy canoes and highly ornate launches, armed to the teeth with mackintoshes and umbrellas.

The only person in the Thorvertons' house-party who wore an expression which was entirely happy and unconcerned was Wilmot Ryton, the celebrated author, who was reading a column and a half of violent abuse of his latest book, "The New Morality," in a Nonconformist daily paper with very natural delight.

Winifred Sturry, in a delicious white frock, suddenly stopped behind his chair. Between her beautiful eyebrows there was an anxious pucker. Without a word to Ryton, she began to blow a fluffy-headed weed earnestly.

"It will, it won't; it will, it won't; it . . ."

Ryton dropped his paper and turned his chair round. "It will or won't what, please?" he asked, curiously.

"S-s-s-sh!" she whispered. "You mustn't breathe a word yet, or I shall forget where I am." She blew again. "It will, it won't; it will . . ."

"It won't," said Ryton, tantalisingly. "I'm certain it won't."

Winifred Sturry deigned to take no notice. "It won't . . ."

"It will—I'm certain it will."

She blew the last tiny piece of fluff away. "It *will*!" she cried, with horror in her voice. "Oh, isn't that too dreadful for words? What will poor Mr. Thorverton say when I tell him? And I did try so hard to make it stop at 'it *won't*!'!" She flung the weedless stalk away with a gesture of despair.

Ryton made a dash at the stalk, captured it, and held it tight. He then silently offered his chair to the girl who, he had owned to himself for some time, was, so far as he was concerned, the only girl the world contained.

"If the result of your Ju-Ju," he said, quietly, with the utter callousness of a man who knows his world, "is likely to affect Jack's health, why not tell him that it did stop at 'it won't'?"

Miss Sturry darted at him a look of shocked surprise. "Tell a lie, do you mean?"

Ryton assumed an air of righteous indignation. "My dear Miss Sturry, you surely don't think that I should ask you or even suggest to you to do such a criminal thing! I hate lying. I merely threw out a hint that, if you think Jack is likely to suffer if you tell him the truth, the wise plan for you to pursue is not to tell him."

"But what is the difference between telling a lie and not telling the truth?"

I think you have grasped the fact that Wilmot Ryton was, and still is, a writer. There is no need, therefore, to tell you that he seized the chance of saying something really clever and memorable with both his hands.

"All the difference," he began, with an eye to a new chapter. "A lie is a false statement uttered to deceive. The truth is a true statement of principle for the purpose of making enemies. A statement which is *not* the truth, when it is

uttered to deceive someone who would rather be deceived, is an act of true friendship of which there are many examples in history."

"Oh!" said Winifred, in the pause, for want of something really original to say.

Ryton was warm to his task. "A man who never lies," he continued, with rare enjoyment, "but who seldom tells the truth, is the only man who can be happy though married. To him the midnight jangle, the pre-breakfast bicker, are things unknown. He is also a man who will inevitably become an Ambassador or get a seat in the Cabinet. But he would be an utter failure as a Society novelist."

"Why?" asked Winifred, solemnly.

That was exactly the question Ryton greatly hoped she would ask. "To succeed as a Society novelist," he said, sententiously, "it is very necessary for a man only to commit himself to statements which are calculated to make enemies. Put in one true remark in regard to several very well-known people, and the sale of the book is assured. . . . Do you think you could remember all this for a little while, Miss Sturry?"

"Why?"

Ryton showed genuine anxiety. "Because, at the moment, I can't write it down. I haven't got a pencil. But it would be a pity to waste it. Will you try and remember?"

"I shall remember every word," said Winifred, with some asperity.

"Thanks!" said Ryton, warmly. "After lunch, I'll trouble you so far as to dictate it to me."

Winifred smiled.

Ryton mentally added, "And I wish to goodness you would present me with the copyright of that smile! Was there ever such a smile or such teeth? Such freshness, such wilful locks, such an inimitable way of wearing a Panama? I wonder if I dare? Or, if I dared and won, would it be wise?"

Old Lord Thuxton rose from his chair and made his way, rheumatically, to where Captain Swaythling and another man had been sitting. With raised eyebrows, Ryton, the searcher-of-copy instinct aroused in him, watched him pick up several cigar-bands eagerly. It seemed paradoxical to him that one of the premier Peers of Great Britain, who had once been regarded as a great statesman, should have descended to making collections of cigar-bands in his declining years.

Ryton turned again to Miss Sturry, banteringly. "By the way," he asked, "what was the reason of your recent rash expenditure of breath?"

For a moment the prettiest girl in the world regarded him in astonishment. "You don't mean to say," she replied by asking another question, "that you don't know what to-day is?"

"Strangely enough, I do, though. To-day is Tuesday. I ought to be at a dozen places at once this afternoon, and I have accepted invitations to dine at three different houses. I shall waste a fortune in telegrams. I am going to stay in the sun."

"All those things are nothing. The only thing that matters is that it is St. Swithin's Day."

"Oh, ho; I see!" replied Ryton. "'It will rain, it won't rain; it will rain, it won't rain.'"

"It will rain," said Winifred, sadly, "for forty days."

"How do you know?"

"Why, because it came so when I blew, of course."

"Do you believe that?" asked Ryton, not asking merely in

order to have the pleasure of hearing Winifred's voice so much as because he really wanted to know.

"Implicitly," she said, briefly.

"And does Jack Thorverton believe it?"

"Im—movably," she replied, curtly.

"Why?" he asked. "Don't say 'because he does,' and be a woman."

"I revel in being a woman," said Winifred, proudly. "He believes it because he believes in all those kind of things."

Ryton thought deeply for a moment, noting, with intense pleasure, the way in which the sunlight turned Winifred's hair into a furnace.

"You mean, he believes that if he goes under a ladder somebody will die?"

"Yes!"

"And if he sees a piebald horse, somebody's born?"

"Of course!"

"And if he sees a black cat running in front of him, he'll find the winner of the Derby? And if he upsets the salt, he'll be left at the post?"

"Oh, yes, and a hundred other things."

"Dear me," mused Ryton, "how marriage tells on a man! Poor old Jack!"

Winifred Sturry shifted impatiently in her chair. "You laugh at all these things, as you laugh at everything—every serious thing in life. But Mr. Thorverton has good reasons for believing in them, and when I tell him that it's going to rain for forty days, I don't quite like to think what he'll do. You see, he's paying an enormous rent for this place, and the river, as you know, is utterly impossible when it's wet."

Ryton suddenly saw his way to an unconventional proposal—a proposal he could make use of in the book he was writing. He instantly made up his mind to kill two birds with one stone.

"Miss Sturry," he said, with an earnestness too deadly to be plausible, "I do believe in some of these things people call superstitions."

"No?" she cried.

"Yes; I believe in blowing fluffy things."

"You don't?" she said, incredulously.

"But only when they are blown in the right way."

"Which is the right way? Didn't I do it in the right way?"

"No," said Ryton. "To blow it once is only to go through the first stage of the dodge—I mean, rite. You ought to blow it three times."

"But one can't blow the same head three times." Miss Sturry's reasoning power showed that Euclid might have been written by a woman.

"Quite so," replied Ryton, gently. "But what you can and ought to do is to blow three heads, once each. For instance, suppose I were in love with you . . ."

A flush came to Winifred's cheek, and she looked up at Ryton for a fleeting second from under the turned-down brim of her Panama.

"I only said *suppose*," said Ryton, who had caught the glance excitedly, ". . . and, wanting to find out whether you were in love with me before I asked you—although asking is really not a bad way of finding out—I blew one of those things."

He picked three of them from the nearest patch and walked back to his former position, endeavouring to hold them steady in a hand that insisted on trembling.

Winifred, retaining her added colour, watched him surreptitiously.

Ryton commenced blowing one. "She loves me, she loves me not; she loves me, she loves me not." He finished the head. "Wouldn't you think me the biggest idiot the world had ever seen if I believed it the first time and said nothing to you?"

"Rather!" she replied. "I mean—"

Ryton noticed her quick, vivid blush with a spasm of pleasure. "You would think it necessary to blow again, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, I don't know! It seems rather stupid, I think."

But Ryton proceeded with his second weed. "She loves me, she loves me not; she loves me, she loves me not . . ."

"There's only one more blow there, really!" cried Winifred, with unconscious anxiety.

Ryton made a huge effort. "She loves me!"

"I said so!" Winifred laughed delightedly, caught his eye, and pulled up abruptly.

"But it wouldn't do for me," continued Ryton, solemnly, "to go to you and say—supposing I were in love with you, as every decently brought-up man with a pair of ordinary eyes and an ordinary heart is, of course—and say, 'I know you love me, darling; when shall we get married?'"

"Why wouldn't it?" she asked, intensely interested in a stubby daisy the gardener had missed beheading.

"Because," said Ryton, "there is still one more thing to blow before the question is settled."

"Oh, blow it then; blow it quickly!"

Ryton inwardly thanked all his stars that Jack and she were equally superstitious. "And this one, of course, settles the question for ever. This one will tell me to go to you joyfully, or for ever hold my peace."

Winifred examined it carefully, anxiously. "But that's such an enormous thing. You'll be certain to make an uneven number of blows."

"Ah!" said Ryton, sadly, "but one can't choose one's fluffy-headed thing. In this life one has to take one's chance. 'She loves me, she loves me not.'"

"Not too fast, Mr. Ryton."

Ryton's heart, for all that he wrote books, beat furiously. "She loves me, she loves me not; she . . ."

Winifred couldn't stand the suspense. She leant forward and gave a great blow. "I love you! . . . I mean, *she* loves you—supposing that you really love me . . . her—whoever it is."

"But you blew, too," said Ryton. "Very likely I should have left some, unassisted."

"Perhaps you would," said Winifred.

Ryton dropped the stalk. "But I don't think so. After all, that's not the point. The point is whether it's going to rain to-day and for forty days, isn't it?"

Winifred laughed and dipped her head so that he should not see something she knew to be in her eyes. "Of course it is! But there aren't any more in the garden."

"By Jove, aren't there? Oh, well, it doesn't matter. We'll forget that I was going to see whether you loved me or loved me not, and take it that we were going on with the momentous question begun by you, so that you may fill Jack's heart with delight by assuring him that St. Swithin is going to be kind."

"Very well," said Winifred.

"And you may further tell him, I think, that you have filled my heart with delight by assuring me that St. Winifred is also going to be kind."

"But I haven't!" she said, hurriedly. "I haven't said a word."

Ryton caught her hand. "That doesn't matter. The fluffy-headed thing said so, and that's good enough for me."

"Oh, don't! Lord Thuxton is looking. Er—er—As it has been settled that it isn't going to rain, shall we go out in the punt?"

Throwing wisdom to the winds—for, after all, what has wisdom to do with love?—Ryton followed her quickly. "You feel quite confident in the truth of this thing, then?"

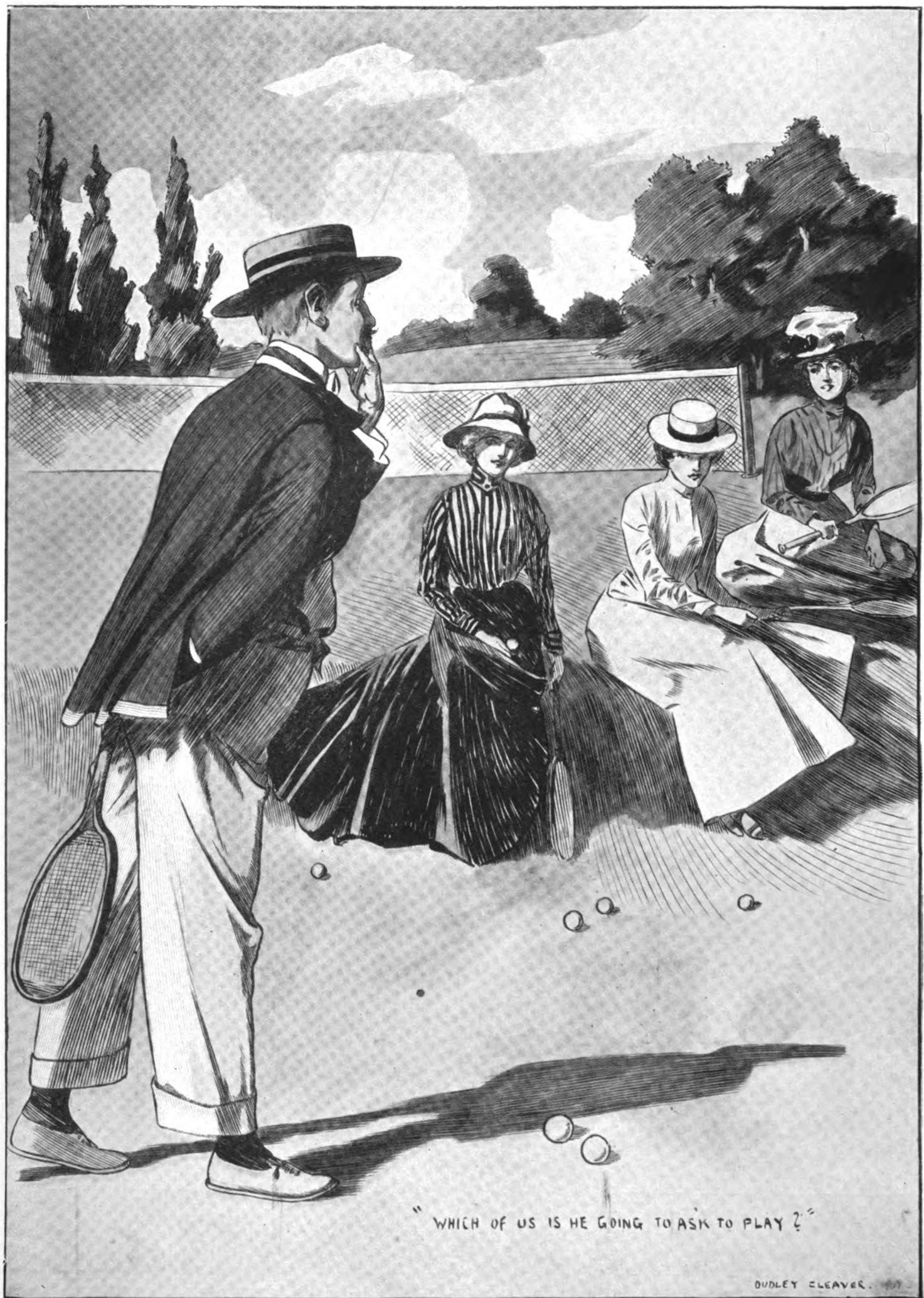
"Quite," said Winifred, trying to hide a smile.

They got silently into the punt and moved into a backwater.

A backwater, as you may be aware, is an excellent institution



THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS UP-TO-DATE.



DRAWN BY DUDLEY CLEAVER.

THE HUMOURIST AT THE SEASIDE.



SALVAGE.

ANCIENT MARINER (*to Bather whose machine has got adrift*): Ten bob a 'ead, or ye can go to France, and they'll most likely prosecute ye for stealin' the box.

DRAWN BY G. D. ARMOUR.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



WHEN the Imperial reopens, on Sept. 1, "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner" will be found to have undergone a change, for its first Act will now be preceded by a prologue, making the play practically in four Acts, and thus able to fill the evening bill without the adventitious aid of a curtain-raiser. The advantage of this will be particularly great in the provinces, whither a Company is starting for the purpose of introducing the play to our country cousins.

While changes of this nature are usually reserved for musical comedy, in which scenes can be bodily removed and replaced by others, for all the world as if they were bits of mosaic, they are not altogether unknown to the more legitimate stage, especially where classical authors are concerned, when each actor-manager makes his own version and transposes scenes to suit himself. One of the most striking of these changes in a modern play occurred in the early career of the Rev. Freeman Wills, one of the authors of "The Only Way." He wrote a play called "Sedgemoor," and, after it was produced, the fourth Act was transformed into the second, and the second into the last.

Is London to be a theatrical annexe of New York? Thus bluntly put, the question, no doubt, seems absurdly far-fetched, yet it is evident that American interests are all the time becoming greater. Mr. Charles Frohman, as everyone knows, plays nearly as conspicuous a part in London theatricals as he does in those of New York, and now Mr. Sam and Mr. Lee Shubert—or the Shubert Brothers, as they are called in New York—have acquired a long lease of the new Waldorf Theatre which is building for Mr. E. G. Saunders.

It may possibly be, however, that they will not run the theatre themselves, but will sublet it to different people. This custom is becoming exceedingly general in the theatrical world, and is, no doubt, in part responsible for the difficulty men find in making theatrical enterprises pay unless they can play to crowded houses most of the time. Many people, indeed, take theatres with no intention of putting up plays, but merely to sublet them, and in this way they make a very handsome income without doing any work or incurring any responsibility.

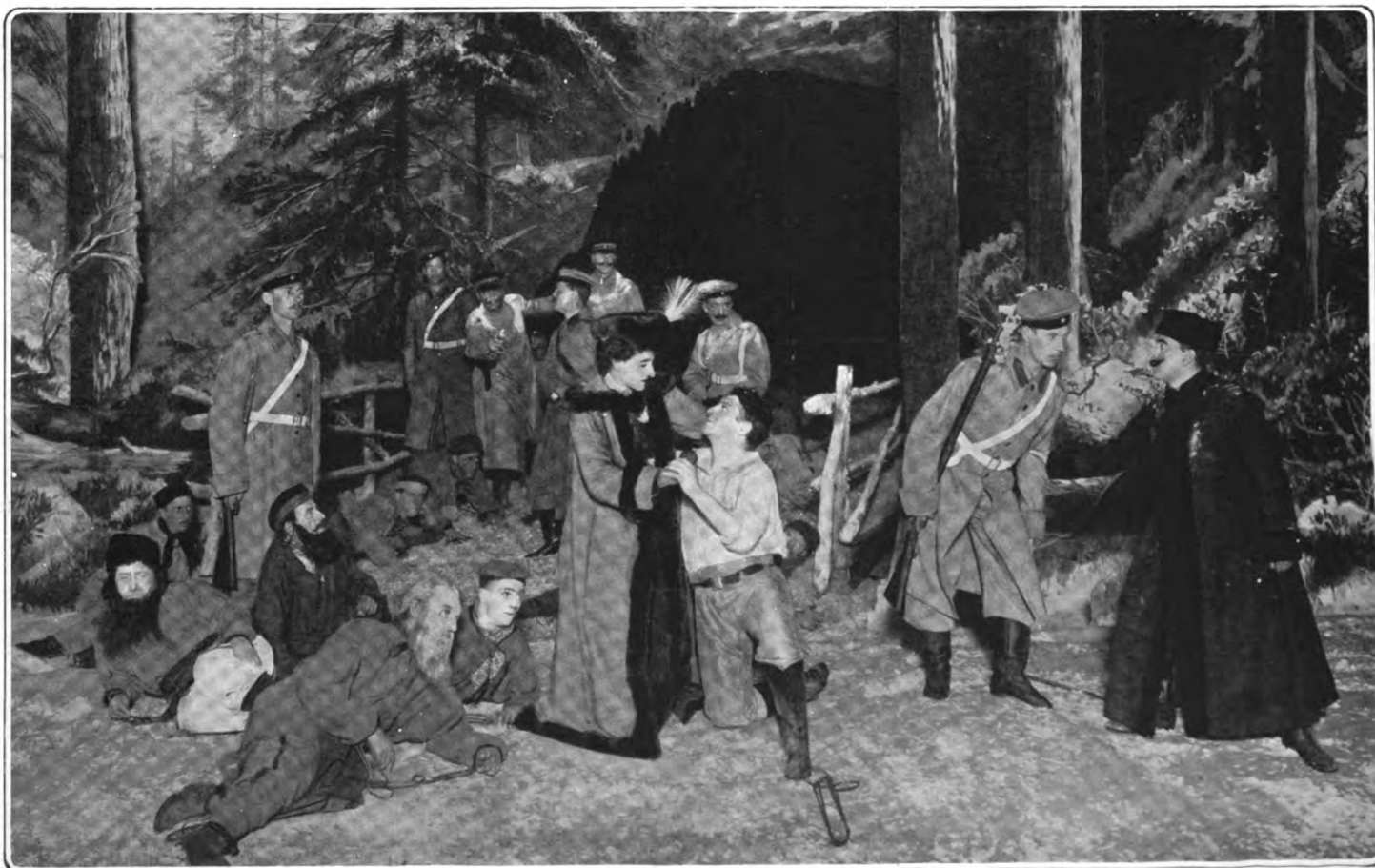
Events are apparently shaping themselves towards a closer association between Mr. George Edwardes and Mr. Frank Curzon, through whose joint efforts so many exceedingly bright entertainments have been given to London, and, through London, to the English-speaking people not only at home, but abroad. The newest of their associated ventures is an adaptation by Mr. William Boosey of "Le Prince Consort," which had so striking a success in Paris last year. It was

announced a few days ago in a morning paper that the production would definitely take place on Sept. 26. As a matter of fact, the date is still, at the moment of writing, so indefinite that the production may not take place until Christmas. The Avenue will probably serve for its introduction, and the title so far selected, though even that is subject to reconsideration, is the very happy and alliterative one, "His Highness, My Husband," for, of course, the French title is one which could never be used in our time for any play, being that still universally associated with Prince Albert, His Majesty's revered father.

Whenever the play is produced, Miss Lottie Venne will make her ever-welcome appearance, and Miss Miriam Clements will lend her beauty to the juvenile part, while Mr. Leonard Boyne will return to win from London that applause which was so lavishly given to him in "The Marriage of Kitty" on this and the other side of the Atlantic.

Sir Henry Irving is constantly giving proof of his mental alertness in catering for the suffrage of his public, notably in the direction of making new engagements for his Company. Only the other day he engaged Miss Maude Fealy, and now he has secured the services of Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, who will be remembered as having stepped into the breach at the Duke of York's Theatre when Miss Evelyn Millard refused to speak a certain line in "The Lackey's Carnival," and withdrew from the cast. Soon after that, Miss Wynne Matthison, who was a member of Mr. Ben Greet's Company, acted in the Morality Play, "Everyman," and made so conspicuous a success that, when it was sent to America, she went with it. There her acting created so great a sensation that she remained, in order to appear in some special Shaksperian productions. Now her reward has come in having been selected to act with Sir Henry, with whom she will naturally go to America later on.

Exercising the prerogative which appertains not only to a woman, but to a theatrical manager, Miss Lena Ashwell has decided that the adaptation of "La Montansier" by Mr. Michael Morton is not, after all, to be called "The Manageress," but "Marguerite." The name of the flower, if not so distinctive as the former title, is, perhaps, more likely to appeal to provincial audiences, whose suffrage Miss Ashwell, as is generally known, is seeking for the next three months before she gives the piece at the West-End. "Marguerite" also preserves the initial of the original title, and, as no one will need reminding, it is the flower with which "He loves me, he loves me not," is tried. That is, when all the other factors have been refined away, the residuum of the play, as, by the way, it is of most plays which have succeeded as well as those which have failed.



A SCENE FROM "SIBERIA," THE STIRRING DRAMATIC SKETCH NOW BEING PLAYED AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

Photograph by Campbell and Gray, Cheapside.

KEY-NOTES

NOW that, save for the Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall, there is practically no music going on in London, one may, perhaps, turn with what is called "innocent mirth" to the doings as to music of a well-known paper. The grand question which the journal proposes is this: "Are we on the Eve of a Great Musical Triumph?" Professor Thomas contributes a paper upon the matter, the opening words of which are: "That England is about to witness the dawn of another Golden Age of music is rightly or wrongly a belief held and talked about by certain people who are watching the trend of events just now." Now it stands to reason that such an interrogatory, made by a responsible writer, should carry with it the weight of the paper in which it is published.

The portraits of five young musicians accompany the article in question, two names among whom are Henry E. Goehl and Mr. A. von Carse—two-fifths, that is, of a representative band who are to bring in the Golden Age of English music. The facts then being stated, one has only to ask the question as to whether they were either worth the stating or whether they do not in their turn completely answer in a negative. The fact remains, as it has always remained, that you cannot force a national Golden Age of any art, that all has to be left to rational developments, and that, when you are talking about the Golden Age of any particular country, it is as a thing that is done and accomplished, not as a thing that may be.

Purcell and his immediately surrounding musicians certainly created a Golden Age in England; but Handel swept it all aside and by his greatness destroyed any such possibilities to his own generation. To photograph, therefore, the features of a few well-enough-known names, some entirely foreign in appearance, and to describe the result leisurely as the end of a weary advent in England and the beginning of the times of the gods coming back again, is to use no persuasion of any sort or kind which goes any distance at all. Above all things, this summary of which we speak leaves out altogether the name of Sir Edward Elgar, who, English to the core, has set the name of English music

upon a banner which has been carried abroad to Germany and elsewhere as an art to be honoured and revered. To talk of the Golden Era of English music as a possible thing and to think of leaving out Elgar's name is to think of "Elijah" with the part of the Prophet cut out.

The Promenade Concerts continue in their successful career. Mr. Henry Wood is determined to patronise home-talent, and on Tuesday night a Concerto by Mr. Stewart Macpherson in G Minor, for violin and orchestra, was played at these concerts. Mr. Macpherson, who is well known as an admirable Professor at the Royal Academy of Music, has drawn his lines strictly according to formal thought and formal rule. There is nothing, you would say, of a very exciting or very novel kind in his composition; but it is good work, and is thoroughly conscientiously worked out. It is sorrowful to add that Goring Thomas's "O Vision Entrancing" was sung on this occasion by Mr. Davis. If only this lyric were dismissed from the concert-room for the space of half-a-century, its sweetness, on its revival, might once more have its day; but, at the present moment, it is nothing but an intolerable bore.

The programmes for the end of the week were all marked by the cunning of Mr. Henry J. Wood's selection, for he has now learned to a nicety how to mingle the grave, the gay, the classical, and the popular, and, moreover, *where* to place each in his programme, so that, practically speaking, he now never serves one with monotonous musical diet. In these first few days of the season he has inclined to miscellaneous rather than to one-man nights; and perhaps that is well, for concerts on this scale—though the phrase may sound odd—are things to be directed first of all as delicate things which have a slender life of their own. In time, they develop under the conductor's influence, and life is then assured to them.

It would repay the trouble of one on the look-out in these times, when there is silence in the land of music, to glance down the titles of some of the songs which are being sung up and down the country by various vocalists. One wishes not to cast the slightest scorn upon these delicate titles; but one rather thinks that they belong somewhat to a class apart. May not one smile, for example, over "The Dewdrop and the Tear"? "I Hid My Love" is another little treasure that suggests a world of possibilities. And still it is reasonable to wonder if our ancestors got any the worst of it. Think of "She Wore a Wreath of Roses," or "In Her Hair She Wore a White Camellia"; they are bad enough, but surely they are easily beaten by "I Hid My Love." The common ballad is a mawkish thing whichever way you take it, but there is often entertainment in titles.—COMMON CHORD.

Mr. George Musgrove has an excellent Company on tour with "The Belle of New York," and Miss Edna May's part is played by Miss Noël Neville, a young Australian of considerable promise. Miss Neville has been heard at the Savoy Theatre and has toured the provinces in a concert-party, but she can act as well as sing and has done good work in melodrama. The lighter stage makes the greatest appeal to her, and she will doubtless be seen in a London theatre again before very long. Outside her stage-life, Miss Neville is an enthusiastic sportswoman who can ride straight, swim far, and fish skilfully. She has lived in the Bush and learned there to enjoy and appreciate the open-air life. Her performance in "The Belle of New York" has been very favourably received by Press and public.



MISS NOËL NEVILLE, PLAYING THE LEAD IN "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK" ON TOUR.
Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann, Devonshire Street, W.



MR. SYDNEY BARRACLOUGH AS GERALD TREHERNE IN "SERGEANT BRUE," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.
Photograph by the Stage Pictorial Publishing Company.



Cars v. Horses—Lady Drivers—Boats—Tightening Up.

I AM frequently asked how the cost of keeping up a motor-car compares with that of horses and the various wheeled conveyances they haul, and I find very great difficulty in framing an adequate reply. The subject has been discussed *ad nauseam* in the columns of the Motor Press and nothing like a standard of comparison arrived at, chiefly because horse-and-carriage owners always put the cost of their vehicles at so much per year, and are quite unable to give you any idea of the cost of carriage-travel per mile covered. It is only on the mileage basis that anything like a fair comparison can be made, and such figures are always lacking on the part of the horse-owner. Why I contend that comparisons must only be so instituted is that, so soon as a man becomes possessed of a motor-car, he invariably and at once triples his wheel-borne mileage at least, for the simple reason that consideration for flesh-and-blood is no longer necessary. In the

regretted, for motor-driving is an exhilarating and delightful pastime which many ladies might enjoy if things were made comfortable for them. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the power required to continually declutch is more than a woman can exert, and it is this, and this alone, that puts so many off driving their own cars. If a lady wishes to drive a car without the exertion of declutching and speed-changing, the White steam-car is, perhaps, the only vehicle left to her choice, and that may account for the number of these cars which have been purchased by ladies.

On the whole, we, as a nation, must be satisfied with what we have achieved per motor-boat in the Reliability Trials, the International race for the Harmsworth Cup, and the Calais-Dover race. In the Reliability Trials the only two foreign boats engaged



General Booth.

[Photograph by Preston, Penzance.]

THE SALVATION CAMPAIGN BY MOTOR-CAR: GENERAL BOOTH LEAVING PENZANCE STATION ON HIS TOUR FROM LAND'S END TO ABERDEEN.

comparisons made by newspaper correspondents, the most extraordinary divergence of results has been noticed, but this divergence, it must be borne in mind, has been due to the varying qualities of the cars and the skill of their drivers. Now that medical men are so largely adopting motor-cars, we may expect to have some very close and valuable comparisons. So far as I am able to judge, a motor-car—a good one, of course—properly handled and tended, should cost about thirty to thirty-five per cent. less than horseflesh with all its appanages. Of course, in these figures no allowance can be made for the extra convenience and the gain in speed, though they must be regarded.

The number of lady automobilists does not increase as rapidly as I, for one, should like to see. By "lady automobilists" I must not be taken to mean the fair who enjoy riding in a car, but those of sufficient temerity to drive and conduct one. There is a charm and a delight about the conduct of a good car which is more than equal to being at the helm of a smart yacht, so that it is greatly to be regretted that lady drivers are not more numerous. Even now one seldom hears of others beside Mrs. Weguelin, Muriel, Countess De La Warr, Miss Vera Butler (before she married), Mrs. Wigley, Lady Cecil Montagu—or, at least, if one hears of others, they are seldom, if ever, met at the wheel. I say again, I think this is very much to be

effected nothing, in the International race we won easily, and in the cross-Channel race we finished a good second with our second string, in a sea so smooth and weather so calm that her hard-weather qualities, which are by no means trivial, were quite discounted. The marks and awards in the Reliability Trials are out, and, while we find gold medals went to the 18-foot Seal motor-boat in Class II., the 22-foot Vosper boat in Class III., the Maudslay motor-boat (25 ft. 6 in.) in Class IV., and the 35-foot Napier Minor in Class V., silver medals were awarded to the Mitcham boat (22 ft. 6 in.) in Class III., the 30-foot Woodnutt boat in Class IV., and the 30-foot Thornycroft boat in the unrestricted Class VI.

The perfect running of an explosion petrol-motor depends so very largely upon the perfection of the ignition that one marvels at times to find engines running as well as they do with connections, contacts, and leads so very ill-attended. It is a good and time-saving thing to go over all the electrical connections before starting for a day's run, and just tighten up all round, for terminal screws have a most unpleasant habit of shaking loose. This is particularly the case in the accumulator-box, where the copper bars connect the accumulators together, and, being out of sight, are too frequently out of mind. It is absolutely necessary that the terminals on the accumulators should be kept scrupulously clean.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

The Great Ebor Handicap—St. Leger—Race-cards.

THERE is material for a good race in the Great Ebor Handicap, run next Wednesday, in spite of the fact that a large number of the entrants paid forfeit on the appearance of the weights. The retreat was led by several of the heavy brigade, and, as a consequence, Palmy Days is installed at the head of affairs. When she scored so decisively in the Northumberland Plate she only carried 7 st. 11 lb., but she was meeting Sandboy at even weights and gave him a very handsome beating. Sandboy's later running will bear a lot of inspection, especially his Goodwood form, and, with all her 9 st., he would be a bold man who said the Middleham mare had no chance. More to my liking, however, are some of the lighter weights. Mr. J. C. Sullivan likes to enter the "whole fleet," and here he has Winkfield's Charm (8 st. 2 lb.), Likely Bird (8 st. 1 lb.), and War Wolf (7 st. 9 lb.). I have an idea that the best of this very useful trio will take a deal of beating. Mr. Sullivan has had little luck this year, but his turn will come, and I should not be surprised if he won this race. Without going into further details, my selection for the Great Ebor is Mr. Sullivan's selected or Hands Down. The latter was a big tip at Goodwood and ran well.

At Stockton—the Grand Stand at this place is built out of the perpendicular—the Great Northern Leger should be won by Andover or Alnsliff. In the Hardwicke Stakes, to which there were no fewer than a hundred and five subscribers, Cyaneam seems to have an easy task. On the concluding day, the Durham County Produce Plate looks fairly good for Alnsliff should he decline his previous engagement at the meeting. The Hurst Park August programme includes a

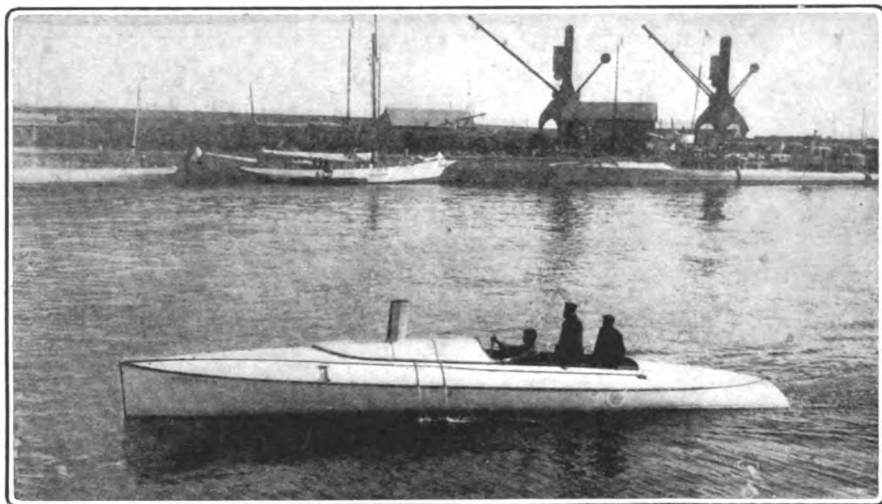
stay the Leger course. Personally, I see no reason why she should not get it as easily as she has done all other courses, and I don't anticipate her defeat by either the French or the English Derby winner. She beat St. Amant easily enough last year, and there is no reason to suppose that she will not do the same again at Doncaster. With regard to Ajax, we must, to a certain extent, work in the dark. He is undefeated, is stoutly bred, and has a good record. But give me the home-bred article this time. Pretty Polly has never yet had to race seriously, and if she be called upon to do so next month, I think she will show such speed as will electrify those watching from the Stands.

The success of the Sussex Fortnight as a sporting reunion is almost entirely due to the fact that the three meetings—Goodwood, Brighton, and Lewes—are all easy of access for the holiday-makers. And this success leads one to think that centralisation would be a good thing in other districts.

Thus, the Yorkshire meetings, if they formed a real Northern circuit instead of a purely imaginary one, would all derive benefit. Goodwood and Doncaster could always stand by themselves and command success; but as to the other meetings, Brighton and Lewes receive a fillip because they are contiguous to and follow the Ducal gathering; and Redcar, York, and Stockton would receive substantial benefit were the same centralisation in evidence. Not the least advantage in regard to the Northern circuit would be a great saving in travelling expenses, for, as matters stand at present, racing-men have to go backwards and forwards to attend the minor meetings that are fixed nearer London.

As I make my rounds of the various race-meetings, I cannot help being struck by the different attitudes taken up by managers towards their patrons, and especially so in regard to race-cards. At some of our prominent meetings the card consists of an ungainly piece of cardboard, doubled, on the four pages of which is crowded in a most irritatingly jumbled manner very little information and a great many advertisements.

The majority of racing-men make notes of bets and other items on their cards, but I will defy them to find room on those I am referring to. On the



"MERCÈDES IV.," THE WINNER. THIS "RACER" WAS DRIVEN BY HENRI FOURNIER.
Photographs by Branger, Paris.

couple of valuable races, one for two-year-olds and one for three-year-olds. In the former (the August Plate), Ritchie, an own brother to Revenue, may improve on his Kempton form; and the latter, the Lennox Plate, will be won by John o' Gaunt if his recent accident has left no ill effects. At York, the rich Prince of Wales's Plate may fall to Ceyx or Galantine, it being understood that Cicero runs no more this year. The Yorkshire Oaks entry includes King's Favour, but if Fiancée runs she should win.

The race for the St. Leger this year will be unusually interesting if Ajax runs. M. E. Blanc has decided to run one of his great Flying Fox three-year-olds, and the probabilities are that the one will be Ajax, and it is possible that Gouvernant will come over to make the pace. The Yorkshire sportsmen will have ample opportunity for a full-throated roar if Pretty Polly, Ajax, and St. Amant meet and all happen to be at the top of their form. We have heard a great deal lately concerning Pretty Polly's staying powers, and even so astute a judge as John Porter was heard to remark after the Oaks that she would not



THE "VAS-V," WINNER, IN THE "CRUISER" CLASS, OF THE SÈVRES VASE PRESENTED BY PRESIDENT LOUBET.

THE CALAIS-DOVER MOTOR-BOAT RACE (AUG. 8).

other hand, one must admit that a few of the managers give as much information as possible, arrange it in such a manner that it is easily traceable, and leave space for notes. Now that the lead in this matter has been taken, I hope to see our old-fashioned executives fall into line and give the racing public what they have a right to expect. The charge for race-cards, sixpence, is surely justification enough for the appeal.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

HOW to look well *en voyage* is the crucial question of the moment now that the most belated stragglers have left London, with Parliament prorogued, Cowes past history, and the entire civilised world bound up in "Bradshaws," rug-straps, and innovation trunks. A serious question it is, too, and one not satisfactorily surmounted without time, consideration, and a certain expenditure, for travelling by rail, sea, or motor requires just as special an outfit, look you, as the Park on a mid-June afternoon, *passée* hats with fatigued floral effects, grimy gloves, or shapeless shoes being cardinal crimes against the suitability of things. Never, never will a Frenchwoman permit herself to indulge in these disastrous economies. Her travelling-gown, boots, hat, cloak, and etcetera are all that can be of the most entirely *chic*, while many Englishwomen, ordinarily well-dressed, assume with Cook's tickets the most unsuitable garments just because they happen to hang in their wardrobes.

We came across Channel ten days ago with a copious cargo of Anglo-Saxons on spreading themselves half-over Europe intent. The neat tailor-made frock and *chic* travelling-coat were easily observable on some Americans, but our own countrywomen were, in contrast, distinctly heterogeneous as to externals—gay hats, "fussy" gowns with trains, many of them were in evidence, and cloaks quite suitably hideous enough for Scotch moors in misty weather or Canadian backwoods, but not at all the thing for sunny August and September voyaging. It is beyond doubt that Madame and Mdlle. John Bull have immensely improved in their methods of clothes at home, but *en voyage* much still is left to desire.

I have seen announced here and there that Parisians are at present adopting elaborately pleated, ruched, and crinkled paper hats

this lamp-shade millinery, and one can, therefore, only surmise that some clever lady journalist in search of a "Silly Season" sensation for her piously credulous readers has invented this pretty legend in a spirit of gay irrelevance and irresponsibility—for the paper hat is still an invisible quantity.

Not so the crinoline, however. Very modified forms of this threatened invasion have begun to appear under ultra-smart millinery



A "DIRECTOIRE" WALKING-DRESS.

en villégiature and at the seaside, so as to get an adequately "frilly" effect for their much-decorated summer costumes. But neither at Trouville, Deauville, nor any other of the smartest seaside places along the Norman or Breton coast, have I, however, come across any of



[Copyright.]

AN AFTERNOON-GOWN OF VOILE.

on a few whose claim to notoriety in clothes and otherwise is an admitted fact on the Boulevards. Whether women in Society will take it up or lay it down remains to be seen; one rather thinks it is on the way—dresses become so very wide of skirt that the natural inference is that something stiff will be required to support them. Whaleboned petticoats are common enough. From these to crinoline proper is not a far cry.

A very visible item of autumnal ides will be the closely fitting waistcoats. They are now shown in delicately embroidered muslins and cambrics. As the season advances, silk and brocade will be seen in conjunction with smart little cut-away coats, some tailed, some tabbed, some basqued, all charming, as rendered by the French tailors who equipped the *monde* as it appeared at Deauville races the other day. Never anywhere, by the way, does one see so many jewels worn as amongst the prosperous French. We should, in more sober England, consider it in very dubious taste to wear a tenth part of what Madame la Comtesse gaily crowds on her fingers, neck, corsage, and, in fact, any available spot of surface above the waist-line. Quite twice as much money must be spent in France on jewellery as in matter-of-fact Albion, even taking into consideration our more elaborate tastes of later years. Every Frenchwoman, for instance, wears ear-rings, nearly every one wears rings on every finger; and as for brooches, collars, and chains, one is transfixed at their ubiquitous glit—glit—glitter. Are all these diamonds and pearls real, one asks

one's sceptical self, or the artistic simulations of their second-cousins, the Parisian Diamond Company's productions?

"Sweetness and light" applies to a multiplicity of combinations in this latter-day world, but never since Mr. Haweis of pleasant memory gave birth to the phrase has it been more aptly illustrated than in the productions of the Parisian Diamond Company, the brilliancy and perfect character of whose jewels are so enhanced by the miraculously delicate designs in which they are shown forth. Now, at this season of universal travelling, women will be wise in remembering that Continental thieves have a fondness for jewel-bags and a very expert manner of annexing same, so that one's bank seems the only safe destination for valuables all and sundry. If jewels must be taken—and an *ensemble* is now hardly an *ensemble* without them—the Parisian Diamond Company's *bijouterie* is all that the most fastidious taste can ask—witness this dainty emerald pendant on platinum chain. The stones are perfect in colour and brilliancy; placed side by side with the "real thing" at a hundred times the price, it would take an expert to differentiate correctly.

The great sale of Lord Anglesey's household gods offers a useful lesson on the oft-reiterated truism of the difference between selling and buying. Objects that cost hundreds of pounds have "gone" for tens of shillings, even jewellery being apparently at a serious discount when the necessity for realisation arises. Of all other things, clothes have the most fractional value, if occasion impels their being turned into coin of the realm, such as mourning, for instance. The Paquin frock that was negotiated for at forty pounds last week is only worth forty shillings or so to the dealer. Perhaps it has been worn once, perhaps not at all; in any case, the mere fact of its being for disposal causes a frantic drop in relative values, and so the "confection" of so much intricate design and laborious building drops to the face-value of a mere song. As apparently irrelevant are the prices to which old furniture, prints, paste, silver, and china have risen of late years, and are still rising, in fact. There is now a rumour that, veritable antiques of the Chippendale and foregoing periods being practically ungettable, an effort will be made to idealise the early Victorian period, and that the steel fenders, Gargantuan Arabian bedsteads, mausoleum-like wine-coolers, huge mahogany wardrobes, and other solid plenishings of that graceless time will be artificially forced into the affections of the virtuoso.

One is inclined to doubt the success of this inspired experiment. Horsehair sofas and green damask curtains were the ugly offspring of a singularly sober and unimaginative generation. We have arisen from these ashes, and, though our flights may sometimes wheel about in somewhat erratic gyrations, the spirit of art is sensitively alive and on the wing, and the instinct which first awoke to take refuge in Japanese paper fans, and even velvet monkeys, is steadily settling into a comprehension of the beautiful which will save us, it is to be hoped, from, at least, wood-cuts in maple frames and chandeliers of dangling cut-glass pendants merely because they came out of the clumsy 'forties and 'fifties of eminently respectable family-butler memory. SYBIL.

During the summer holidays the Great Central Company are issuing cheap excursion-tickets every Saturday, for three, eight, ten, fifteen, or seventeen days, from London (Marylebone) to Chester, Southport, Liverpool, Douglas (Isle of Man), and North-West Coast, Scarborough, Bridlington, Filey, Harrogate, Grimsby, Cleethorpes, and North-East Coast; also every Wednesday, for six, eight, thirteen, or fifteen days, to Blackpool, Lytham, St. Annes, Fleetwood, &c. Cheap week-end tickets are issued every Friday and Saturday to the seaside and pleasure resorts. On Saturdays, Aug. 27 and Sept. 10 and 24, cheap excursion bookings are announced for three, six, and eight days to Stratford-on-Avon, Leicester, Nottingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Huddersfield, Halifax, Bradford, Manchester, Stockport, Warrington, Liverpool, York, Newcastle, and other important towns and holiday resorts in the Midlands and North of England. Full particulars are set forth in an A. B. C. Excursion Programme which can be obtained, free, at Marylebone Station and the Company's town offices or agencies.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH."

INLAND.

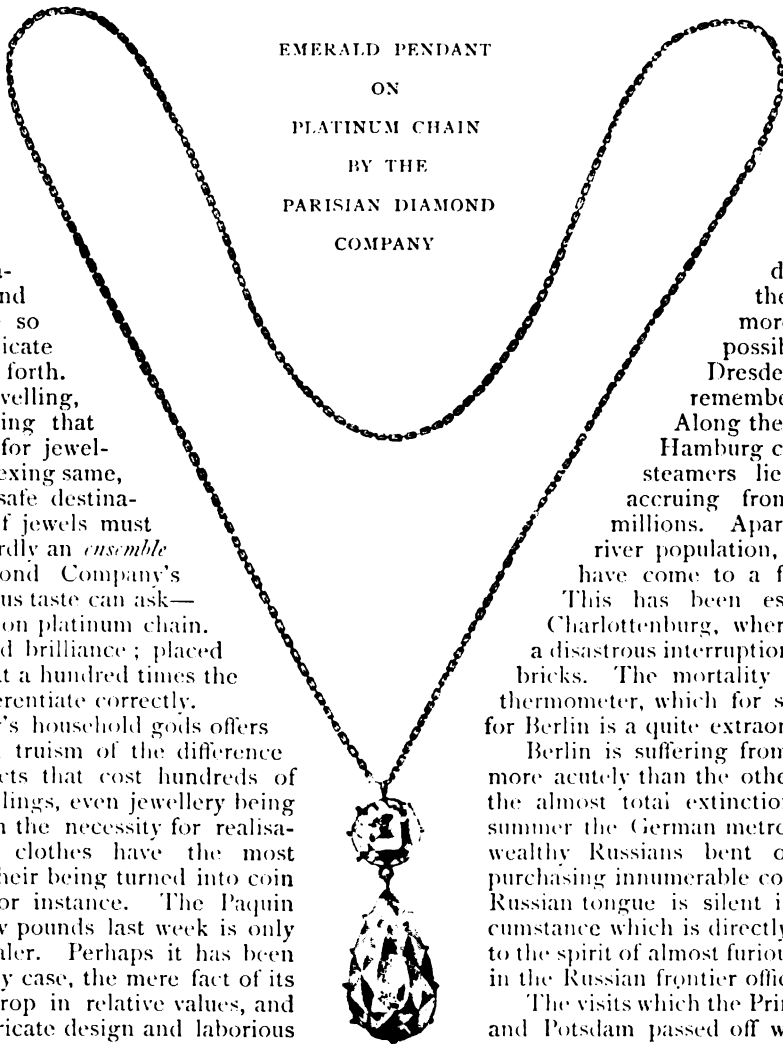
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 9s. 3d.
Six Months, 11s.; Christmas Half-year, 15s. 3d.
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Subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct to the Publishing Office, 108, Strand, in English money; by cheques, crossed "The Union Bank of London"; or by Post Office Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., 108, Strand, London.

EMERALD PENDANT
ON
PLATINUM CHAIN
BY THE
PARISIAN DIAMOND
COMPANY



NOTES FROM BERLIN.

At last the great drought shows signs of breaking up. Rain has fallen fitfully for two days past, and the clouded skies give welcome promise of more (writes our Berlin Correspondent). Unfortunately, as far as Germany is concerned the mischief has been done. The crops are dried up and the river-beds are empty of water. For more than two weeks past it has been possible to walk across the Elbe at Dresden. The oldest inhabitant does not remember the prevalence of similar conditions.

Along the Vistula, as along the Elbe and the Hamburg canals, barges, lighters, and pleasure-steamers lie sorrowfully stranded. The losses accruing from the drought are estimated in millions. Apart from the sufferings entailed on the river population, many industries in the great towns have come to a full-stop owing to lack of materials. This has been especially noticeable in Berlin and Charlottenburg, where building operations have suffered a disastrous interruption due to the impossibility of obtaining bricks. The mortality statistics have also risen with the thermometer, which for some weeks past has stood at what for Berlin is a quite extraordinary level.

Berlin is suffering from the effects of the Far Eastern War more acutely than the other capitals of Europe. It is bewailing the almost total extinction of its Russian customers. Every summer the German metropolis entertains several thousands of wealthy Russians bent on renewing their wardrobes and purchasing innumerable commodities. This year, however, the Russian tongue is silent in the great hotels of Berlin—a circumstance which is directly due to the influence of the War and to the spirit of almost furious stringency which it has engendered in the Russian frontier officials.

The visits which the Princess of Wales recently paid to Berlin and Potsdam passed off without the knowledge of the German public and Press. Needless to say, Her Royal Highness was travelling strictly incognito. She had written to the German Emperor informing him of her intention to inspect his residence, and from Norway His Majesty pronounced the requisite "Open sesame." At Potsdam, where Her Royal Highness stopped on her way from Flushing to Neu-Strelitz, she paid a hurried visit to the Emperor and Empress Frederick Mausoleum, and proceeded thence to the quaint palace of Sans Souci, with its reminiscences of the friendship between a great King and an immortal writer—Frederick the Great and Voltaire. Luncheon was partaken of at the residence in Potsdam of Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead, who, with the young Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, had acted as the guides of Her Royal Highness on her first visit to the summer residence of the Hohenzollerns. A few days later, the Princess paid a surprise visit to Berlin. She was accompanied by Mr. and Lady Dugdale, the Hereditary Prince of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. Unnoticed by the public, the Royal party visited in the course of the day most of the sights of Charlottenburg and Berlin.

If the traveller by coach of olden days could revisit this planet, probably nothing would surprise him more than our modern methods of locomotion. Improvements adding to the speed and comfort of passengers on long journeys are always being made by our Railway Companies, and one of the latest and most notable is that just initiated by the London and North-Western. This up-to-date Company now supply private parties, on payment of a minimum of ten first-class fares, with a vestibuled *Salon-de-Luxe*; in other words, a carriage fifty-seven feet in length and eight feet in width, divided into separate compartments, beautifully upholstered, and fitted with all modern conveniences. On day-journeys the two centre compartments can be formed into one commodious *salon*, but, when required, each of the four compartments can be transformed into comfortable bedrooms. The Company have also other carriages for night-travel which accommodate a still larger number of passengers.

Visitors to many of the so-called holiday resorts invariably experience a feeling of disappointment in that the glowing accounts of their attractions led them to expect too much. This, however, cannot be said of Bude, as year after year visitors return again and again, an eloquent testimony to its attractions. In order that its claims may be more widely known, the local authorities have just issued an illustrated Guide to "Bude and Neighbourhood," containing splendid photographs of the unrivalled scenic beauties of the North Cornwall coast, whilst full particulars of the local and surrounding places are also given. The visitor may thus note at a glance the various points of interest in the neighbourhood and make his choice. Full details of the London and South-Western Company's convenient service of express trains (covering the journey from London to Bude in a little over five hours), tourist, excursion, and week-end tickets are also shown. Copies of this handy little Guide can be obtained from the Clerk of the Urban District Council, Bude.

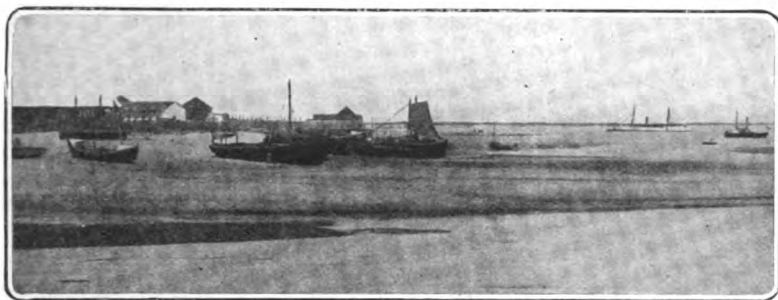
CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 29.

MARKET GOSSIP.

THE markets have been quite typical of the fact that nearly all the dealing is purely professional. One day we have depression, and the next a little rally, which everybody wishes to take advantage of to snatch a profit, and so rush to defeat their own ends.

Politically, matters mend very slowly, and, although complications with Russia may be avoided, the position is not by any means satisfactory,



BEIRA HARBOUR, 1894.

and the damage to our shipping trade caused by the wide extension of the term "contraband of war" and the claim to sink neutral ships at the sweet will of a belligerent is exercising a very unfortunate effect on many industries. There is some danger that the Government will have to push matters perilously near a rupture with Russia, rather than allow the Far Eastern carrying trade to slip wholly into German hands.

The Rand July return was a great disappointment to the market, and the labour statistics were worse than was generally expected, while the number of Chinamen at work was not so large as sanguine anticipations had led the Market to reckon upon. The Account was easily arranged, however, as the movements had been in most cases fractionally upwards. We are now in a nineteen-day Account which even the least superstitious bull is afraid of, and, coupling this with the holiday season, not much in the way of animation can be expected during the rest of the month. It is satisfactory to find that the telegrams which are coming over from the various Mining Companies who have secured some of the Chinese already landed are distinctly encouraging, and the market has quite made up its mind that the pigtail is going to revolutionise the existing ideas of working expenses.

In the Westralian corner the feature has been the recovery of Associated, which has been helped by the arrangement with the Central and West Boulder Company. The Associated Company is to find the working capital for the development of the Central Boulder block and take half the profit.

TRUNKS IN THE CURRENT HALF.

That the prices of the various Grand Trunk descriptions should have fallen pretty sharply upon the fulfilment of market expectations in regard to the dividend announcement is not at all surprising to those who know how the realisation of some anticipated event frequently brings selling orders to market. When the figures were announced last pay-day, the jobbers professed a certain surprise at the carry-forward being as much as £4300, but this cause for congratulation entirely failed to save a stream of sales. Now, of course, the prophets are looking six months ahead and endeavouring to show that the dividends on the First and Second Preference stocks will assuredly be paid next April for the full year; that is, that both will receive the £5 per cent. due to them. For this to come about, the Grand Trunk must make better progress than it is doing now. For our own part, we prefer to avoid speculation just yet as to what the results of the whole year will be, but if another bountiful harvest should smile on Canada the double-dividend feat may be accomplished. Everything depends upon the traffics of the current half-year, and the market for the junior Trunk stocks will infallibly present excellent opportunities for in-and-out speculation during the next three months.

CHARTERED MISGIVINGS.

Some of the daily papers are working up quite a little excitement in their City columns in regard to the position of shareholders in the Chartered Company. One ingenious gentleman started a supposition that the Company might be taken over by the Imperial Government upon payment by the latter of £1 per share, the Company retaining all its shareholdings, but parting with everything else it possessed. The appearance of this suggestion brought forth stormy protests from those who paid long prices for their shares, and it is perfectly certain that, unless the Government pay Chartered shareholders something near £7 a share, there will be a tumultuous cry of "Nous sommes trahis!" from proprietors who paid up to 9 for their shares. In attempting to measure the worth of Chartered, the ordinary methods of valuation are useless, and we confess that, if the Government be really intending to deal with the question of acquiring Rhodesia, we don't see how a basis of valuation can be arrived at which shall give even approximate satisfaction to the majority of shareholders. The

wealth of the Colony is still a matter of considerable speculation, and the gold-mining propositions have left little but disappointment in their train. Copper, coal, and agriculture may—probably will—turn out more profitably, but, from the standpoint of the mere taxpayer who is not a Chartered shareholder, £1 a share does seem quite enough to pay for the concern. Yet the proprietors have as much title to consideration as the taxpayer. Despite last week's abortive conferences between delegates from Rhodesia and the Chartered Company, the more informal meetings which are now taking place may, at least, assist towards the paving of a way for solving the various tangled skeins of difficulty.

Thanks to the courtesy of the Oceana Company, we are able to give two views which show how great a difference eight years made in the town of Beira, from whence the railway runs to Umtali, and which is the port of at least the whole of Eastern Rhodesia. When capital again flows freely in the direction of Charterland, Beira will be one of the first places to benefit by the Colony's progress.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"Aha! Punctual to the minute!" and The Stroller's broker shook his client cordially by the hand. "I'm awfully hungry. Come along."

"Haven't you a famous restaurant called 'Mabey's'?" asked The Stroller, as they turned into Throgmorton Street.

"Yes, rather! It's one of Slater's places now. Do you want to go there? We don't usually take our clients, but if——"

"I should like to go," was the obstinate reply. "Why aren't clients allowed?"

"Oh, they're allowed, right enough, but it's a fearfully Stock Exchange sort of place, and——"

"Is this it?" demanded The Stroller, pausing outside. "I'n going in."

The broker followed, half-vexed and half-amused.

"Hullo, old man!" he was saluted, as they took their seats on the comfortable, backless chairs.

"You here?" the broker unnecessarily rejoined. "How are your things? Still good?"

"Good as gold, and likely to be better. I told you last week that you could buy Americans with your eyes shut. And you can still do it."

"Ellis," called the broker to the waiter, "come here!" and he rapidly gave the order. In the twinkling of an eye the dishes were before the hungry couple.

"But what do you recommend in particular? One can't put a client into things blindfold."

"Atchison, Union, and Steel Prefs. are my own favourites. Yes, I know they've all risen very fast, but they're going to have 'em better, mark my words. After you with that plate of toast."

The Stroller asked his broker whether it was time to sell his Southern Pacifics.

"No fear," said the *vis-à-vis*, without giving the other time to answer. "Hold them for another five dollars."

"And lose all your profit in waiting for it," added The Stroller's neighbour, as he deftly picked a pat of butter out of the ice.

"Well, it's the only market in the Stock Exchange that's moving," said the broker, as he gave Charlie the twopence for bringing the drinks. "And, so far as I can see, it is likely to remain so until the middle of September, anyway."

"I shouldn't be much surprised to see a move in some of the cheaper Colonials," observed a broker on the other side. "Those Sierra Leone and Johannesburg Fours look almost cheap enough to buy for a speculation."

"How about a 4 per cent. Bank Rate?" suggested Our Stroller, who had been studying the financial papers.

The others shrugged their shoulders.

"Possibly," the other broker said. "But 4 per cent. wouldn't hurt us if only business were good."

"It would tend to stop fresh business, surely?" interrogated The Stroller, with the feeling that he was getting on.

"That's right enough," his broker agreed. "Personally, I hope, rather than expect, that we shall get through the autumn with the



BEIRA HARBOUR, 1902.

3 per cent. Rate. By-bye," and he nodded to the dealer in Yankees, who was moving off.

The vacant place was immediately filled. "Bah!" exclaimed the new-comer, "I haven't dealt all the morning, and it's thirsty work. Here, Charlie!"

"Any change in Kaffirs the last half-hour?" The Stroller's broker asked.

"Thirty-tooth duller for choice," was the reply. "Suppose we mustn't grumble at them going down: nineteen-day account, don't you know?"

"Is the Kafir Market ever going to revive?"

The jobber stared at The Stroller's question. Then he began to laugh in a quiet way.

"Next month's returns ought to help us a bit," he said at last.

"But July's were shocking, and there's no denying the fact."

"You can ignore the July figures," the other broker considered. "They are the result of an interregnum, so to speak."

"Admitting that doubtful inference," the jobber continued, "we shall have a pretty bad fall in prices if the August returns aren't a lump better."

"Which they will be," the broker added. "You off?" and he nodded pleasantly to Our Stroller and his agent as they rose from the table.

"You get an awfully good lunch here," said the broker, as he stood once more on the Slater's steps, "and I drop into Lyons', next door, for coffee. You will care to come?"

All the side-tables, where the boxes of dominoes are, were occupied, but the two men found chairs in the middle.

"Benedictine and two small blacks," ordered the broker, producing his cigar-case. "Try one of these."

"Judging from the appearance of this place," The Stroller observed, looking through the long haze of smoke in the Corridor Room, "the Stock Exchange can't be overburdened with work."

"If it were, you wouldn't hear the incessant rattle of the dominoes," affirmed the other.

"—and they've got something else up their sleeve. I tell you, Associates are going better," exclaimed a loud-voiced man at their side.

"I hate Westralians," objected his friend.

"So do I," the broker said, *softly*.

"Nevertheless, it's a real good tip, and you can buy Associates for a five-bob profit."

"Remember my little bear of Oroyas?" and The Stroller slowly exhaled a mouthful of cigar-smoke with obvious relish.

"Yes; you closed it too quickly," returned the House man.

"If you'd hung on to the bear, you would have made a much bigger turn than the paltry eighth you scalped."

"I never despise a profit," declared The Stroller. "I think we laymen make a great mistake in being too greedy."

"It isn't only you laymen," laughed the broker. "I'm afraid we are all tarred with the same brush. But you are perfectly correct in saying it is a great mistake."

"Toss you for two 'suicides'!" cried the loud-voiced man at the side. "Sudden death. You call."

"What on earth—?"

"Tossing for cocktails, that's all," said the broker, placidly. "I wish you had some Roseys."

"Roseys?" asked The Stroller.

"Buenos Ayres and Rosario. The interim dividend will be declared next month, and it is almost sure to be at the rate of 5 per cent. against 4 this time last year."

"'Tisn't good enough."

"Yes, but then the final dividend will probably be at the rate of 7 per cent., making 6 for the year. D'you see?"

Our Stroller saw well enough to make him buy a couple of thousand, and he left a limit to sell them at two points net profit.

ALLSOPPS.

In these columns we have systematically advised our readers not to deal in Allsopps, and on one or two occasions correspondents have waxed wroth with us for such advice, but the events of the last week or two have been an ample justification of our warnings. We object to Companies in which information leaks out, and where it is clear that insiders know what is going to happen before the shareholders or the public, and Allsopp's has always borne an evil reputation in this respect. For several weeks there has been considerable selling of the stock, and, as we anticipated, the report is a very bad one, for not only does the whole of the reconstructed Preference and Ordinary stock go without any dividend, but, after paying the fixed charges, there is an actual loss on the year's working.

Of late we have called attention to several instances in which the reports of important Companies have been discounted, and the scandal is getting so common that we fear "familiarity will breed contempt," but none the less it is advisable for investors to make a note of the cases in which this sort of thing habitually takes place, and give the securities a wide berth. Nothing is worse than Company officials making money by gambling on knowledge of reports and balance-sheets, and the practice ought to be made punishable by the criminal law.

THE EGYPTIAN SALT AND SODA COMPANY.

A very curious fight is raging in this Company, and the developments promise to be interesting. The Company possesses the salt monopoly of Egypt, which gives it an assured revenue of between £30,000 and £35,000 a year. It also manufactures and sells soap, and in so doing has cut into the profits of several rivals, especially a local concern of some importance, by name the Huileries and Savonneries Company. From the directors' circular we should judge that

the people behind the latter concern were making a determined effort to capture the Salt and Soda Company, with its splendid and assured income from the salt monopoly.

A certain group of shareholders, many of whom appear to be interested in the Huileries and Savonneries, have requisitioned a meeting for the purpose of passing resolutions in favour of the Salt and Soda Company buying up its rival at a price named, and subject to investigation as to the value and position of the concern to be bought, but, curiously enough, such investigation is to take place after the resolution for purchase has been passed and after several directors of the Huileries and Savonneries Company have been put on the Salt and Soda Board. This is surely putting the cart before the horse with a vengeance, and we cannot understand any body of *independent* shareholders approving of so suicidal a policy. The methods of the Yankee Railway bosses are to be applied, it seems, to the Salt and Soda Company.

The position of the National Bank of Egypt appears to be a peculiar one in the matter, and, from the active assistance given to the movers of the amalgamation by this institution (which was the Company's bankers), one can hardly help thinking that the bank has strong monetary reasons for desiring to bring about the purchase. The meeting is called for the 23rd inst., and we are curious to see what the requisitionists will say for the extraordinary proposal to buy first and investigate afterwards.

AMERICAN RAILS.

Undoubtedly the most active as well as the most satisfactory section of the Stock Exchange has been that in which Yankee Rails find their home. Prices have kept wonderfully firm for holiday-times, and those of our readers who have followed the drift of our observations during 1904 must have made a very pretty little sum out of their operations in American Rails.

The immediate future of the market depends to a large extent on the harvest, and, as present indications point to good yields of both foodstuffs and cotton, we are still optimistic; especially as the coming Presidential Election, unlike its two predecessors, will have very little effect on the markets whichever way it goes. In the days when Mr. Bryan was a candidate, the possibility of his election was always a most dangerous point for the bulls, who had to speculate with that chance ahead of them. On this occasion there is no such risk to be run, for Judge Parker's success would not be detrimental. Despite the considerable rise in Yankees, we consider the chances in favour of a still further advance.

THE GUATEMALA DEBT ARRANGEMENT.

The Committee of Bondholders have, so far as we know, not been able to improve the terms of the settlement with the Government of this Republic, which are substantially as follows—

The arrears of interest up to Dec. 30th next are to be capitalised, making a total external debt of £1,838,000. Interest at the rate of 1½ per cent. is to be paid for 1905, at the rate of 2 per cent. for 1906, and thereafter at the rate of 3 per cent. After 1909 an accumulated sinking-fund of 1 per cent. per annum is to be applied in reducing the debt by purchase in the market as long as the price is below par, or by drawings if above—a thing so remote that it need not be considered. Thirty per cent. of the import duties is to be assigned and paid weekly into a bank, as security for the punctual carrying out of the agreement; and should the amount so received be insufficient, the Government agrees to make it up to the required sum from other sources. A Commission of two members, one appointed by the Government and one by the bondholders, will supervise the due carrying out of the agreement, and, in case of dispute, there is a provision for foreign arbitration.

Upon the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, the agreement should have the hearty support of the holders, and, if it is punctually carried out, purchasers at the present price of 23-24 will do very well with their investments.

Saturday, Aug. 13, 1904.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

ALPHA.—Mellin's Food Company for Australia 6 per cent. Pref. shares are a very fair investment. The Company earns considerably more than enough to pay the Preference dividend, and pays all advertising out of revenue. The dividend is, in addition, guaranteed for the next fifteen years by the English Company.

E. B.—(1) As to Allsopps, see this week's "Notes." (2) United States Brewing Company debentures will give you over 6 per cent. and are well secured. (3) Your remarks are true of Preference shares in Companies where debentures exist.

YORKS.—We sympathise with you on the heavy fall in your securities, but, as in both cases the income is quite safe, you must console yourself with the thought that, had you held Consols, you would have suffered just as much.

PHARAOH.—You had better support the Board. See this week's "Notes."

ALPHA BETA.—We will make inquiries as to the first Company. It looks as if there is more likely to be a call on the Jungle shares than an improvement in price.

BANK STOCK.—The depression of Bank stock is on the same lines as that of Consols, which we have discussed in these columns over and over again.

GENTIAN.—The Bank shares are of the highest class, and there is no reason to anticipate that profits will be reduced. All high-class shares can be bought to pay better interest than they yielded a couple of years ago. The Grand Trunk Guaranteed stock is somewhat of a speculation, as you will see from our "Notes." Capital and Counties Bank shares are quite first-class.

BLUE ROSES.—We cannot undertake to inquire and report on the stability and credit of private firms carrying on business in provincial towns. There would be no end to such inquiries.

£1000 INSURANCE. See below.

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August 17, 1904.

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